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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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Your affectionate daughter
Libbie C. Ingersoll.

MEMOIR

OF

ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE INGERSOLL,

WHO DIED

SEPTEMBER 18, 1857,

AGED 12 YEARS.

Sweet rose-bud, nipped by early frost,
Though dead, 'tis not forever lost;
'Twill bud and bloom yet, bright and fair—
Fanned by a more congenial air.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.:
A. STRONG & CO., PRINTERS.
1858.

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STEREOTYPED
By H. C. White,
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PREFACE.

THIS little work was commenced without the remotest idea in the mind of the author of its ever coming before the public. The scenes and events here described, were put on record by an eye-witness, that they might be associated with the memory of the dear departed one. Upon the brief manuscript being read to an intimate friend of the family, the idea of its being printed was suggested. That suggestion is now complied with, hoping, with the approbation of God, that it may prove a blessing to the world, by inducing Mothers to make that full consecration of their Children to the Lord, in their early infancy; and that children, by its perusal, may be led to seek that Saviour in whom the subject of this Memoir so firmly trusted; that their path to the grave may be made as bright as her's. That this may be the case, is the earnest prayer of the humble individual who penned it.

In preparing it for the press, great care has been taken to preserve the simplicity of the language in which it fell from her lips, in order that her intimate friends, at least, may recognize LIBBIE in every page, if not in every sentence.

THE AUTHOR.

BIEB 19FEB'36

TO THE PUBLIC.

The readers of this little book may receive its statements with implicit confidence. I knew the subject of the Memoir, from her earliest days, until the Lord took her. I have known the esteemed author for a longer period, and can therefore confidently say, that these pages contain nothing but the truth. May God send His blessing with the book.

JAMES B. SHAW,
Pastor Brick Church.

Rochester, N. Y.

The undersigned concur fully in the above statement.

DAVID DICKEY,
H. C. FENN.

With the subject of this little narrative we have been acquainted from her infancy; but we wish more particularly to give our testimony to her lovely deportment, as a Sabbath School scholar.

She was always punctual and regular in her attendance. Her natural disposition was gentle and teachable, and her love for the Sabbath School was evinced by the deep and earnest interest with which she received its instructions. The seed sown by a pious mother, was here watered by divine grace; and, though we knew it not, she was fast ripening for heaven.

Of the book, we would say, its unpretending truthfulness is its best recommendation. If it should be the means of gathering one more lamb into the fold, we have no doubt the author will feel herself abundantly rewarded.

JOHN H. THOMPSON,
LOUIS CHAPIN,
E. T. HUNTINGTON.

LIBBIE C. INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER I.

Libbie was a child for whom much prayer was offered. As soon as God gave her to her mother, she was given back to God, with the promise, that while He let the child remain with her, she would train her for Him. Considering herself highly favored of the Lord to be thus entrusted with an immortal being, at the very dawn of its existence in this world, she resolved, with the divine aid, to mould and fashion, to nurture, educate, and rear, in the fear of the Lord; that it might, at last, be a polished jewel in the Saviour's crown. Not in her own strength or wisdom was this resolution formed, but in relying solely upon Him

who hath said, "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

As soon as the infant mind was capable of receiving ideas, no time was lost in turning its thoughts to that Being who is the author of all life; and from whom "cometh every good and perfect gift." The first words her lisping tongue was taught to utter, were, "Our Father, who art in heaven." She was told, too, of the great sacrifice made by Jesus, the Son of His love; that he became a man of sorrow for us, and that our every act of disobedience was a grief to Him.

This mother practiced taking her infant with her to her secret devotions, and the child very early conceived a reverence for prayer. She was never known to cry or be restless. Frequently, when a babe in her mother's arms, at these seasons, would she reach up her little hand, and wipe the tears from her mother's cheek, and then bury her face in her bosom. There she was fully consecrated—never to be

recalled—come life, come death; all was Christ's, and forever His. Often have her little silken locks been saturated with the mother's tears, while she poured out her soul to God, to save her child from unhallowed influences —to eradicate the seeds of sin, and cleanse the heart in the precious blood of a crucified Saviour.

The idea that it would be much easier to uproot a sapling than a great oak, led this mother to commence thus early to subdue the will of the child to herself. Mothers who have not tried it, are not aware how fully it may be done before the child has numbered its first year; and afterward causing no solicitude, and requiring but little watchfulness. Very much, O, everything, depends upon this. How few children obey God, who do not first obey their parents! The child who has no will aside from its mother, and that a Christian mother, will, sooner or later, have no will aside from God.

When Libbie was two years and three months old, her cousin, a young man who had spent a few months in the family, and of whom she was very fond, died. He passed away in the night; the next morning, as she was being carried through the room in which he died, and not knowing what had taken place, she asked, "Where is cousin A——? Gone to heaven, mamma? Shall I see him when I go there?" She had already learned there was a heaven, and expected to go there herself.

During this summer she was very ill. Her disease had assumed a very alarming aspect; and the family were deeply solicitous for her safety. She had lain in a stupor for twenty-four hours, not seeming to notice anything about her. Suddenly, she aroused, opened her eyes, and seeing her mother sitting by the cradle, said, "Mamma, have we prayed to-day?" "O, my dear," said her mother, "you were too sick to go with mother." "Well," replied Libbie, "I can go now." "O, no, you

can't; your mother will kneel by the cradle." She insisted upon doing so; and, on reaching the sacred spot, dropped on her little knees, and fell over, exhausted, into her mother's arms, and remained insensible throughout the prayer. On being taken up, she aroused, looked greatly surprised, and said, "Why, I guess I went to sleep!" And then inquired whether all the objects had been remembered that she had been accustomed to pray for. When told that they had, she said, "Well, now I feel a great deal better; I think I shall get well."

It was not unusual for her to say, after being left alone in a room awhile, "I thought about God all the time." If her mother proposed going out, she would say, "Oh, yes; you can go; I can think about Christ; I won't be lonely."

As soon as she could lisp a few words, and before she could talk plain, or had learned to read, after her mother would read the Bible,

and explain it to her, she would take the same Bible, go into the kitchen, and explain it to the girl—occasionally returning to her mother, to ask if the explanation she was giving to Susan was correct. In the explanation of Christ's sermon on the Mount, she felt quite at home. Should Susan propose a very intricate question, she would say, "I dare not tell you till I ask mother; I may make a mistake."

Sometimes, her mother, missing her from the room, would ask her where she had been. She would sweetly reply, "O, in the other room, praying to Jesus." Search had been made for her more than once, when she would be found in the parlor, kneeling by the sofa; and would have been overlooked, had it not been for the contrast between the little, sunny head, and the black hair-cloth on which it rested.

One day, while at play with her toys on the carpet, a thought seemed to strike her mind;

and she dropped everything, exclaiming, with animation, "O, mamma, I went to heaven last night!" "No, my dear," her mother replied, "you must have dreamed." "Well, what is dreaming?" she asked. On being told, she said, "Well, then I *dreamed* I went to heaven; and what a pleasant place it was! While there, a spirit came up from this world, and O, mamma, how many angels went out to meet it!"

During the last years of her life, she was often heard to say, "I frequently dream of heaven; and I love to do so, dearly. I have heard people say, the last thing in one's mind, on going to sleep, will be that most likely to be dreamed of. So I call heaven to mind the last thing, always hoping to dream of it." Ah, heaven is now *a reality* to her! Welcome, blessed reality! O, glorious awaking, to awake in heaven, before the throne—greeted by the hallelujahs of that ransomed throng—after closing the eyes on this dark, sin-

cursed earth, and opening them upon that Brightness, from which our king of day would blush and hide his face!

Her mother says she recollects never to have heard Libbie make any noise or disturbance at family worship. She began to kneel by her little chair when only two years of age; and to read in her Testament with the family at the age of five.

When she had read the New Testament through, her father purchased a new one for her, which was the first she ever possessed. In course of the same year, she went to New York, and one Sabbath, thoughtlessly left it in Dr. Spring's Church. It could not be found, and she grieved over it very much, for it was the first she ever could call her own, and a present, too, from her father; but, in a short time she was put in possession of another, which was prized beyond all earthly treasures.

When a little over two years of age, she was taken to church, and was never afterward

willing to remain at home on the Sabbath. The family, at this time, lived some distance from a place of worship. One Sabbath morning, the clouds looking quite portentous, it was hinted that Libbie had better stay at home. She began earnestly to plead her own cause, saying that "she could bear the storm as well as any one else." Her sister said to her, "Well, you can't go to-day; why, do you think you must *always* go to church?" Libbie thought her argument conclusive, because it was God's house, and He expects every person to be there. I would that this sentiment was more prevalent. Many live and act as though God had never enjoined upon them any obligations; and expected nothing of them.

There were many circumstances in Libbie's history, which show how much she could endure for the safety and comfort of others. One of which I will mention: it occurred while she was quite a little girl, though she

had commenced going to school. Her mother had been quite ill for a few weeks, though she had nearly recovered. One night Libbie was heard to groan, and toss from side to side, upon her little bed. On being asked the cause, she said, "My tooth aches; *but don't tell mother;* for she will get up and get cold, and be sick again." But her mother did arise, and nurse her child, and soothe her to rest. In the morning, she asked, several times, if her mother felt as well as during the day before. On being repeatedly assured that she did, Libbie took her little basket, and started for school. The idea had never been suggested to her, that she had better call on a dentist; for the tooth was large and apparently sound, and had never troubled her previous to this night; it was attributed to a slight cold.

In the evening, when she came home, she reached out a little paper, saying, "here, mother, is the naughty tooth that called you up last night!" Her mother exclaimed, in

astonishment, "Why, Libbie, how came you to have it drawn? Did it trouble you to-day?" "No," she replied; "not at all; but I kept thinking all the time, perhaps it would ache again to-night, and you would surely get cold!" "How did you know where to go?" inquired her mother. "O, I went down town and asked Mr. W—— to go and show me the way to a dentist's office," replied Libbie. "Did you not expect it would hurt you?" "Yes; but I had rather be hurt than have you be sick," she affectionately replied.

Dear young reader, do you wonder that Libbie's mother loved such a self-sacrificing little daughter; or that she felt that the sun of her earthly happiness was set when she laid her in the grave? At a very early period, little Libbie learned that she had a depraved and wicked heart; that Jesus died for sinners; and that through His merits alone could she find pardon. She shed many tears at the thought that *her* sins had caused Him to suffer.

The fall before she numbered her fourth year, she began to indulge in the prevalent habit of breaking wish-bones with her brother. A very choice one had been laid up for sometime. One day she asked the girl to take it down for her; and then, going into another room, said, "Now, mother, I want *you* should break this with me, for I want to get my wish this time; I do, mother, truly." The bone was broken; but she did not get her wish. An expression of deep sadness came over her countenance; and then, as she burst into tears, the big drops tracing down her cheeks, her mother said gently to her, "Why, my dear, don't feel so bad; you can have another." "O, I know it," she sobbed, "but I *do* feel so disappointed; I had been thinking about it so long, and was so much afraid I should not get my wish." "Well, what was it, my dear?" inquired her mother. "I wished *that I might become a Christian before Christmas!*" Ah! rare wish, indeed, for a child

of her years! Multitudes look forward with pleasing emotions to this annual gift-day, wishing for earth's trifling toys; but this sweet child, at her tender age, wished for that good part that should never be taken from her!

CHAPTER II.

When Libbie began to go to school, one evening she said to her mother, "Do you think it was right for Carrie B—— to say I was not pleasant, because I wanted to put my book up before my face, to pray a little? I felt just as pleasant as I ever did; and I told her so; I only wanted to pray. Do you think any body ought to blame me for that?" "No! no!" I doubt not, was the mother's response. No doubt Libbie offered the prayer of faith. Many times during her brief life, has this remark fallen from her lips, at the accomplishment of some desirable result: "I am not surprised, for I had been praying for it! Are you surprised, mother, when your prayer is answered? I am not."

She seldom asked for the trifles usually sought after by children; and never urged or teased. Once, however, she did ask for a ring; such as she had seen a little girl wear; and was soon put in possession of one by a friend. She was quite pleased with it; it was so becoming to her little white, plump finger. No one had told her it was wrong, or thought so, perhaps. One Sabbath evening, as the family were sitting around the room, reading, and Libbie, in her little chair in the corner, Sabbath School book in hand, in which she had been reading, was observed to close her book, and look steadily on the carpet, and to sit perfectly motionless, while tears rolled down her face. Her mother arose from her seat, and went to her; and, in a low voice, inquired what was the matter. She replied, "I am such a sinner; O mother, I am." She was asked if she would like to go and pray that God would forgive her. To this she readily assented; and when they reached the

place of prayer, she dropped upon her knees, and covering her face with her hands, sobbed most piteously, "Can He forgive me, when I have been so great a sinner!"

She followed her mother in prayer, pleading most earnestly for forgiveness, through the merits of Christ. When she arose, she said, "O, mother, how could they kill Him? And I am just as bad, for *my* sins helped to do it! O, how good He was! How kind, to die for us! I don't understand how it was that he could do so much for us, when we were such great sinners! And, mother, I do love him now; and there is not anything that I would not give to Him if he wished me to!" Then, taking off the little ring, and holding it out toward her mother, she continued, "I loved this, but how could it be—O, how could I! But I never should, if I had known what a Saviour there was to be loved. I know it now; and this ring, and all this world, seems just like dust to me. Jesus seems so precious

to me, there is nothing else that appears of any consequence."

Her face beginning to brighten, the tears still glistening on her cheek, she said, "Yes, mother, I love Christ, and think He will forgive me." They had another season of prayer, during which she consecrated everything to God—calling all her treasures by name, and, one by one, giving them up to Him, together with herself, and all else that she held dear, just as the Sabbath's setting sun shed his last rays. Angels witness such scenes with no feelings of indifference. And how interesting, to see with what sincerity and child-like simplicity all was resigned; and with what clearness she apprehended Christ, "the way, the truth and the life!" How easy for the Spirit to enlighten the mind! How often this is overlooked by parents and Christians generally; the office work of the Spirit on the heart, in opening up to the understanding the way and plan of salvation!

The next morning being bright and pleasant, she arose earlier than usual. Her voice was soon heard singing some of her Sabbath School hymns. She went into the garden, but soon returned, and rushing into her mother's room, her countenance beaming with joy, she said, "O, mother, you never saw such a morning as this! I never did, in my life! It is so pleasant! Do come out! It is delightful! Just see, how beautifully the sun shines! Hear the birds; they sing so sweetly; they can't be the same birds that have been here all summer! Dear mother, I never before felt as I do this morning! How happy it does make one to love Christ! He forgave me last night; and I was never so happy before! O, I wish every person to know how much joy there is in loving Him!" Alas! how many are ignorant of this truth! "O, that they understood this and would seek God!"

This mother had been watching, waiting, and asking God how soon her child would

have sufficient capacity to understand the truth, and receive Christ. God, in His infinite mercy, showed her that the Spirit could prepare the mind to receive Him at a very early age.

O, mothers, are you waiting, watching, and asking, in the same way? If so, God will bless you. His promises are all yea and amen, in Christ Jesus. Don't permit the adversary to delude you by the fallacy, that God will consider you selfish if you feel more solicitude for your own children, and put forth greater efforts to save them, than you do for those of others. If He considered such a course selfish, He would never have committed to you the high trust.

Nothing ever occurred in the after life of Libbie, to indicate that this was not a full consecration. She was ever after strictly conscientious; for she had already learned to fear sin, having found it to be "an evil and bitter thing." Her heart, at times, was won-

derfully drawn out toward those who were not Christians, and exceedingly pained when she saw any one breaking God's commands. If an individual bestowed a kindness upon her, she would be greatly exercised till she knew whether the person was a Christian, so that she could pray for him or her, as the case might be. When once told that any act of her's was wrong, it was sufficient; *she never needed telling the second time!*

O! how true of her, that she received reproof in meekness—never attempting to justify or excuse herself. "I am sorry, mother," she would say; "you will never have occasion to speak to me about it again." It was never expected, therefore, that her mother should particularize. Neither did she ever plead, that other little girls had indulgences which ought to be granted to her. Children rarely have as few faults as she; and few are as willing to be told of them. When cautioned, how kindly it was received! She would ap-

proach her mother, put her arms around her neck, and, with tears in her eyes, say, "I am sorry; I did think I would not have done so for anything. Please excuse me, this time; I shall remember in future. I thank you for it, and think I appreciate what a blessing it is to have some one to watch over me."

The principal of the institution which she attended, informs me that she was very careful not to do anything that would injure the feelings of those who instructed her. At one time, she became much attached to a little girl in school. One of her teachers, fearing, if they continued to sit together, that some confusion or communication would be the consequence of their intimacy, spoke to them in school, and warned them of her fears. The teacher thought that neither of them took the remark very kindly, and mentioned the circumstance to the principal, who took occasion the following day, to speak to Libbie on the subject. She said "That she did not feel dis-

turbed, and was sorry that she had left that impression." After she was excused, she turned back and said, very earnestly, "Miss A——, I am *very* sorry to have appeared to dislike the reproof that we received. I will see that you shall have no more trouble with me." This was the last time she was ever reproved in school. Children, and even older pupils, sometimes get their lessons, more to recite them that they may maintain their *standing* in the class, than to make the knowledge their own; and should any one prompt them while in the class, they will recite as if they knew it themselves, and thereby pass themselves off as knowing more than they really do; or, as the adage has it, "For more than they are worth." Libbie, however, was very careful not to do this. If any one assisted her, she would look very uneasy; and if she recited at all, she would remark, "That was not quite all mine; Miss —— helped me a little."

Libbie greatly prized instruction, and desired to learn, that she might fit herself for usefulness when she became older. She never wasted her time; and if she was detained from school, she would always write her composition, and sometimes send it in, if she was unable to be present the day they were to be handed to the teacher.

A few weeks before she died, she saw a child in the street, whose appearance indicated a want of restraint and discipline. She exclaimed, "O, how sad to see a child left to itself! I am glad I did not have my own way at first. I don't want it now. I am more happy without it; but, mother, where should I have been without your discipline!"

Dear young reader, do you find restraint irksome, and sometimes almost allow yourself to think, "Well, my mother is too strict; I don't know why I can't enjoy the same privileges as others; in short, to have my own way." Why, do you know, my dear child,

how soon it would prove your utter ruin! The wise man says, "A child left to himself, bringeth his parents to shame;" and another, "Children, obey your parents, for this is right;" and a wiser than either, says, "Honor thy father and mother." O! yield your own will. That is the only way you can be happy. When your mother administers reproof, admonition, or caution, do, like her of whom I have told you, imprint a kiss on her cheek, and thank her for it; and then go away, and thank God that He has given you a mother to watch over you, and ask Him long to continue to you so rich a blessing!

CHAPTER III.

Libbie had an innate love of the Bible, and it increased with her years. As I have before mentioned, the reading and explanation of the Bible, afforded her an ample compensation for the loss of any realized or expected pleasure. For instance, if she had been promised a visit to some of her young friends and had been looking forward to the time with the deepest interest; and from the state of the weather, or some other cause, it was thought best she should not go, she would give it up, cheerfully, and say, "Well, then, mother, will you take down the Bible, and read and explain it to me?" No epicure ever sat down to a feast with a better relish, than did this child to hear the word of life.

This love for sacred things, might lead some, who do not fully understand the effect of true religion on the mind, to think her a gloomy child. Far otherwise! She was one of the most cheerful, buoyant, happy creatures the sun ever shone upon! Her face was always radiant with smiles!—never, however, indulging in reckless, boisterous mirth.

Possessing much natural wit, if any one attempted to jest with her, a quick and shrewd reply would be forthcoming; ever observing a keen discrimination between right and wrong.

No one could wear a sad or discontented expression of countenance in her presence, unobserved by her. If she saw a face that betokened sorrow of heart, all her energy was put into requisition to dispel the cloud. She could smooth the hair; caress the cheek; or kiss away a tear—using words of consolation, appropriate to the occasion; and end by saying, "It might be worse; and you will

never think of it when you get to heaven; or, if you do, it will only add to your happiness."

"Our trials and our troubles here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home!"

I think the remark true, that but few mortals have spent twelve happier years, or scattered more sunshine, than Libbie. There was about her that which was peculiarly attractive, though naturally timid and shrinking. After her health began to fail, she took a journey with her father and mother. At a hotel, they met a gentleman, also a traveler, with whom her father was slightly acquainted. Libbie received an introduction to him. Afterwards, he embraced every opportunity of being in her society. He remarked to a friend of his, "There is something in that child that rivets my attention, and I can't keep my eyes off her for a moment. Isn't there a strange

beauty about her! There is an attractiveness in her mind and face, that I can't account for. I have sons, but no daughters. I would give half my fortune this moment for such an one as her!" He did not understand how much *religion* had to do with the attractiveness which he could not account for. No beauty like that of the heart!

Although she led a conscientious life, and no one who knew her well, had reason to doubt her acceptance, her love for the people of God and religion, and all its ordinances, was a sufficient evidence that she had passed from "death unto life." Yet she did not feel fully satisfied with it, and always prayed for herself as one who was not a Christian, till the winter when she was nine years old. At this time there was a revival of religion in the church which she attended, and many of the youth and children were converted. She then had a vivid sense of her sins. Her mind, however, soon became clear, decided, and

tranquil; and her heart, overflowing with peaceful emotions, she said, "Now, mother, I have learned to trust God, and I fear nothing, but that I may sin against Him." Her mother said to her, "I didn't know but you thought you was a Christian some time ago." "Well, I did, once in a while, think so, but it did not last. I did not always feel as a Christian ought to feel." Would to God, that none were satisfied with a religion that was not abiding!

"I want to unite with the church, so that everybody will know that I love Christ!" said she to her mother. She had been before the session, and was looking forward with delightful interest, to the day when she should come out from the world; and in doing so tell those around her that she had taken Christ for her portion; that she loved Jesus; and was on the Lord's side. "I wish," said she, "I could make them understand how much I love Him, and how happy I am in the enjoyment of this feeling." Happy in loving God! Reader,

do you know what it is to love God? Is this the fountain-head of your joy? Have you the river of peace that springs from this fountain? Do you drink deeply at this well of life, and bathe your spirit and say—

> "Thou of life the fountain art;
> Freely let me drink of thee;
> Spring thou up in all my heart;
> Rise to all eternity!"

"God sees not as man seeth;" for before the looked-for day had arrived, she was taken sick, and at the time became dangerously ill, but very peaceful. When the Sabbath came, she said, "I had looked forward to this as being the most joyful day of my life; and I do feel happy now, for I love God. He saw best that I should not unite with the church to-day. He knows it was the intention of my heart; and I can do so at the next communion, if I get well. I do want to be on the Lord's side, and among His friends. I don't

want to be reckoned among His enemies." She did not hold back, fearing there would be too much expected of her; or that she would have to give up some pleasure, or some idol sin. She soon recovered, and did unite herself with the people of God.

"On her, nine summers scarce had bloom'd,
So young; yet there she bows—
So young—and can she understand
What mean those solemn vows?
So young! I hear the Saviour say;
I never such denied.
Think you I will the sheep enfold,
And leave the lambs outside?
Yes! gather in the tender lambs
That press around the gate;
Their Saviour claims them as His own;
Dare any bid them wait?"

It was a delightful day to her when she sat down to the table of her Lord, for the first time. These were always precious seasons; Jesus and heaven seemed so near! Her soul, at times, full of rapture; her gaze intently

fixed on the emblems of her dying and risen Lord; a tear glistening in her full blue eye; apparently drinking in the truth and treasuring up every word said by her pastor, whom, next to her Saviour, she dearly loved, and not without reason, believing that his like was no where to be found.

She often remarked that her feelings always overcame her on these occasions; and at one time in particular, she said to her mother, "I don't know what people think of me; I don't see any one who seems to feel as I do; I try to avoid it sometimes, but my heart is so full, I can't help weeping for joy; it seems sometimes as if I were far above this world, and that the gates of heaven were opened, and that I were being taken in; and all I can do is just to sit there, and allow the tears to roll down my cheeks."

"Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God."

Libbie was one of those children who open the whole heart to the mother. She never kept from her the most secret wish or anxiety; and therefore the mutual attachment was of no ordinary character. She dearly loved, to use her own language, to say, "Mother." This endearing term she frequently used; more so, I think, than usual for a child of her age. When conversing with her mother, one would suppose, that she considered the sentence imperfect, unless it began and ended with that "dear name," as she termed it. No doubt her mother loved to say "Libbie," quite as well. Under these circumstances, my young readers will excuse the term, "mother," if it should be used often; especially in repeating her sayings.

CHAPTER IV.

After Libbie became a member of the church, she said, "Now, mother, you must watch over me; I have but little religious experience, and may do things that are wrong, and not know it. I want to live a Christian life; I wish not to do one thing that may grieve my Saviour. I hope you will watch me very closely; now do, dear mother; I shall rely upon it. I have to watch myself at school, when the girls ask me questions, for fear that I shall decide wrong. But I do feel thankful that I have such good teachers. Miss A—— is a real Christian; now, she is, mother, truly. She is very particular and decided, but is so pleasant about it, that we love her, and always feel that she is in the right. We have Bible instruction and prayer in the morning. I don't see how any Christian mother

can send her children to a prayerless school. Nothing would induce me to go to one. It is asking God to help us get our lessons, help us to be patient, and to feel we are doing it for Him."

This child was very conscientious about the observance of the Lord's day; her Sabbath reading was selected with great care, and consisted mainly of the Bible, sometimes "Bunyan," "Prince of the House of David," "New York Evangelist," the "Dayspring," and papers of that description. It always pained her to see any one take up a secular newspaper; and she could not rest until she had, in some very pleasant way, induced the individual to lay it aside, for more appropriate reading.

To her the Sabbath was a delight, and she could sing with the heart:

"How sweet is the Sabbath to me;
The day when my Saviour arose!
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And in His soft arms to repose!"

The house of God was to her the very gate of heaven; and there was no place that had the same attraction for her as the social prayer meeting. She would say, "Was not the meeting very short, mother? It seemed so to me; I could have sat there all night. I never get tired at such a place." An individual attended the meetings—a very devoted Christian—who, in times of revival, became excited and prayed very loud; so much so, that some considered it a disturbance. She wondered how it could be that he should get so near to Christ. "I love to hear him, dearly," said she; "my heart responds to every word he says."

Her own church was very dear to her; her pastor, too, whom she knew loved the lambs of his flock, and had taken upon himself much extra labor for their benefit; the Sabbath School, with all its officers, teachers, and scholars; the elders, whom she had seen sitting around the table on which were placed

the emblems of her dying Lord—all, all were as dear to her, almost, as life itself. Her father once suggested, that it might be to their advantage to remove to a neighboring city. "O, no! father;" said she, in much apparent concern; "don't mention it." He said to her, "Libbie, it would soon seem like home to you in B——." "O, no; it can never be home to me, father," she replied; "I could not take Mr. S——, our pastor, with me; nor the Bible class, and besides, you know, I have always been there to church; and it is the next thing to heaven with me; I want to live and die here!" And so she did. No pecuniary advantage that could be offered, presented the least inducement—all that pertained to the interests of religion, were paramount with her.

In the winter of 1850, Mr. F—— preached in the city, and there followed an extensive revival of religion. She entered into this work, from the first, with all her heart; though

she did not seem to obtain the blessing that her friends anticipated in her behalf, for the first two or three weeks. Libbie felt deeply for her impenitent friends, and for her school companions who were out of Christ, and formed many resolutions to talk with them upon the subject of their soul's salvation; but, being naturally a timid child, she shrank from it. There was one little girl, somewhat older than herself, with whom she was on intimate terms, whose name she had frequently mentioned, and for whom she felt a deep solicitude.

One afternoon she came in from school, and said "Mother, N—— is here, and wishes me to go down town with her." Permission was granted, her mother suspecting the object for which she most desired to go. Having been absent about half an hour, she returned, and, without saying a word, sat down on the sofa and began to weep. On being asked if she felt cold, she said, "O, no;" and burst into uncontrollable grief. Her mother sat a

few minutes in mute astonishment, it being something so entirely out of the common course for Libbie. She was usually so cheerful when she came from school. The question was again repeated, when she exclaimed, "O! I am such a great sinner; I have been so unfaithful to my Saviour." "Why, what have you done that is so wicked?" inquired her mother. "I can't see as I have ever done anything that is good," she sobbed.

She was told that there was but one refuge to which she could go; and that Jesus alone could afford her aid. She went away by herself to pray, and there plead forgiveness for Christ's sake. She returned to the room, and tea being ready, she was urged to eat; but she said, "I can't; do, dear mother, please excuse me this time, but allow me to go to meeting, and I will tell you all when we return." She was permitted to go, and during the exercises her countenance began to brighten, and joy beamed in every feature. After

they returned home, as was their custom, she and her mother had worship by themselves, before retiring to rest. It was quite evident from Libbie's prayer, that her burden was gone, and that she had a sense of pardoned sin, and that peace dwelt in her bosom. As they arose, she clapped her tiny hands, and said, "Now, mother, I will tell you all about it!"

She began by stating, "I wanted to go out with N——, so that I could talk with her about her soul's salvation, but she did not receive it kindly. Then I saw where the difficulty lay: that had I been faithful, grace would have been given me, so that I could have convinced her. I had such a sense of my unfaithfulness, that I thought my heart would break. You told me to go to Jesus, and I did so, but while going up stairs, something said, 'You need not go, for you have been so great a sinner, God will not hear you.' But I said to myself, 'He never turned any

empty away, and he will not now reject me.' And He did not, mother! He has forgiven me all! every sin that I ever committed, and I am just as happy as I can be, till I get to heaven! Jesus smiles so sweetly! He is all about me! Wherever I turn my eyes, I meet His precious smile! His arms are extended to me, and it seems as though He was just ready to take me to His bosom! Jesus loves me; I know it now! The thought has sometimes come into my mind; that, perhaps, after all, I am not a Christian; but *now* I have no doubt! It seems to me there is nothing I know so well as that my Saviour loves me, and I love Him! The other day, at school at Miss A——'s, I read this passage of Scripture, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.' Then I asked myself, 'If I really felt it from the heart!' But now I know I do. And O, what joy, mother! mother! I can't tell you anything about it, my heart is so full of

joy! It does not seem as if I was in this world. The presence of Christ fills this room with glory, so that it seems just like heaven to me!" It seemed as if the Spirit had brought every precious promise to her mind, from Genesis to Revelations; and she commenced repeating, but said she, "the words come into my mind faster than I can speak them." The angelic radiance of her countenance is beyond human description.

She continued in this rapturous strain till a late hour of the night, when she was prevailed upon to retire to rest, saying, as she went, "I can't go to sleep, but, if you wish, mother, I will go to bed and try." This scene, to be appreciated, must have been witnessed. The Saviour's presence was so evident to her, after she had laid her head upon the pillow, that she said, "Mother, Christ is here; and I don't know but He is going to take me now!"

O! what a baptism of the Holy Spirit for a child, not quite eleven years old! After this

eventful night, her sun of righteousness never went down, and she never expressed a doubt of her acceptance. For her to live, was Christ. He had her heart's best affections, it was evident; and she ripened fast for heaven.

The conversion of this child, which occurred, as her mother believes, at the tender age of six years, should afford much encouragement to mothers to labor for the early conversion of their children.

Her mind continually dwelling upon the new Jerusalem, earth, with all its honors, riches and pleasures, dwindled into insignificance, in comparison. If anything trying occurred, she would say, "It won't be so in heaven; we shall forget all our troubles there. We shall then wonder that we allowed such trifles to trouble us while here." In this she was doubtless correct.

CHAPTER V.

Libbie often expressed suprise that professing Christians should manifest such a relish for the pleasures of the world. "Why," she would say, "I should think if they loved God they would be happy without them." Her mother said to her at one time, "I have feared that if I should be taken away, and you be surrounded by different influences, you too might be led to indulge in those pleasures." Her reply to this was, "You need give yourself no anxiety, mother; I never should. Nothing would induce me to do so; I would suffer anything, even death, before I would grieve my Saviour, by dancing or attending a theater." Those who knew her best, think these were the very sentiments of her heart, and

that she feared nothing, not even a death of torture, so much as dishonoring Christ.

All nature's beauties had a charm for her. She "looked through nature up to Nature's God." She had been heard to say, more than once, "If there is anything on earth that I love, it is a beautiful garden of flowers. But I do not envy other little girls who have them, if I have none; for I always say to myself, 'I shall have just as many flowers in heaven as any one.'" Beautiful thought! I doubt whether she ever feasted her eyes on the beauties of a flower garden, or inhaled its fragrance, without a feeling of gratitude to its Giver. She would often exclaim, "Who but God could make it so beautiful! How kind He is to give us these things to make us so happy here!"

Libbie always came home from school with a smile on her countenance—never a frown, when she met her mother, after an absence of three or four hours, complaining of her teach-

ers or her companions, or, as some little girls do, telling her father and mother that she had not as good things as some others. She never found fault with her food or with the one who prepared it. And, dear child, would you like to know what question she asked her mother a great many times, on coming home from school, especially in the winter? Well, I will tell you, hoping you will ask your mother the same question. After kissing her mother she would say, "Have you found any sick person to-day, mother, to whom you would like me to carry something?" This or that poor family—"Do they need anything? I can just as well go." The weather was never too cold for her to venture out on these errands of mercy, if allowed to go. Many times she might have been seen in the street, carrying her little bundle of clothing, or a basket of food, to the poor, sick or hungry, with very red cheeks and cold fingers. True, a servant might have been sent, but it

was a great luxury to her to be permitted to administer, with her own hands, to their wants; and then, though a child, would she drop a word of consolation or encouragement, which added not a little to the gift bestowed.

If clothing was being prepared for poor children, she must have a hand in its preparation. Her reticule was kept in a convenient place, and you would be surprised to see how quick her needle would be threaded, all ready to commence; and how nimbly she would ply her little fingers, even on a coarse article, if it was only to keep a poor child warm. Now, my dear reader, if in any of these little deeds of mercy she excelled, will not you try to imitate her example? She was very fond of reading memoirs; and, as she progressed, would compare her own character with that of the individual about whom she was reading, occasionally reading aloud certain passages, adding, "There, mother, I can improve in that respect, you see."

She loved her mother very much, and was always afraid of giving her unnecessary trouble. For instance, when the season arrived for new bonnets, and little girls began to appear in them, perhaps she would give an intimation by saying, "Mother, did you notice such an one?" "Yes," her mother would reply; "did you like it, Libbie?" "I think it pretty," she would answer, "but my old one will do just as well, if it is not perfectly convenient for you to get me a new one. Now, don't trouble about it at all." This was not because Libbie did not know the difference between a new and an old bonnet, for she had a nice sense of the beautiful. I fear some little girls tease their mothers very much, if their new things are not all in readiness at the time required.

She was in the habit of saying, when she came home, "Mother, would you like to know what I have been thinking about to-day?" Libbie never neglected her lessons at school

to contemplate subjects remote, judging from the rewards of merit which she was constantly receiving. She was punctual as a scholar. A short time before she was taken sick, she was presented with a neat little volume by her French teacher, for excellency in that branch of study.

At one time, she had been thinking about what Christ had done for her, and of the glories of heaven, and of this present dreamy state of existence; at another, contemplating the resurrection; and would speak of it with such a vividness of imagination as to greatly astonish her friends.

Her father was from home much of the time, doing business in a neighboring city. It grieved her that he should be absent so much of the time. Her attachment for him was peculiarly strong. She had prayed over it many times, and had shed many tears, and always spoke of it with sorrow; but would say, "It is for the best, for if father was at

home we should be too happy for this world." One night she came in from school, unusually bright and pleasant, saying, "Mother, I have made up my mind to-day that I do not need an earthly father, for I have such a good *Heavenly Father!* Perhaps those little girls who have the society of their earthly fathers, have not so good a Heavenly Father as I, or they do not love him so well."

Well might she be joyous! She had gained a great victory; her prayers were answered. God had shown her that He could make up for all deficiencies. He was always present; and, with His protection, she had nothing to fear, but felt safe and secure, as she fell back sweetly into His arms.

CHAPTER VI.

LIBBIE was very fond of music. She had more than an ordinary correct taste; and, as one of her teachers expressed it, was a natural timeist. Her proficiency, for a child of her age, was good. At nine years, she could select her own pieces, and learn them correctly, without assistance. The plaintive prevailed with her, though she would at times play lively airs with great vivacity. The piece entitled, "We'll all meet again in the morning," which my young readers have probably seen, she would sing with peculiar effect; words by Preuss. One day she came home with a piece by Dodge, entitled, "We are growing old, Kate!" Her mother smiled on looking at it, it being a selection so singular for a child. Libbie

pointed to the last verse, saying, "It speaks so beautifully of our final meeting in heaven—our blessed home—that as soon as my eye rested upon it, I could not resist the temptation to procure it. O, is it not sweet!"

"We very soon must part, Kate;
The parting won't be long—
'Till we meet within a better home,
Amid yon heav'nly throng!
'Till we sing the song together, Kate,
The Angels sing above,
Where ne'er the fear of parting takes
The blessedness of love!"

The last time she sat down to the piano, was on the 6th day of July, 1857; and the last piece she played and sang for her mother,—for she had a very sweet voice—was a piece entitled, "My Blest, Eternal Home." It is a very sweet thing, and was composed, I am told, by a lady who had been called to drink deeply of the cup of sorrow. She had parted at the grave with the last member of

her household, and was now a childless widow. Libbie penned it from the lips of an aged servant of Christ, who called on her a few months before she died:

"There's not a bright or beaming smile,
Which in this world I see,
But turns my thoughts to future joys,
And whispers heaven to me!

I never clasp a friendly hand,
In greeting or farewell,
But thoughts of my eternal home
Within my bosom swell.

Though often here the soul is sad,
And falls the silent tear,
There is a heaven of smiles and love,
And sorrow dwells not there.

Then when we meet with holy joy,
No thought of parting comes;
But never-ending ages still
Shall find us all at home!"

When Libbie was ten years old, the family moved into a new house, and she commenced

her religious life anew. O, that all would be thus inclined under similar circumstances! She said, "Now I am going to be more faithful than I have ever been. I shall let nothing but sickness interrupt my secret devotions, while I live in this house. I have promised God to do so." She kept this promise faithfully; for prayer was never omitted, if she could leave her bed and go to her closet. She said, several times afterward, "You recollect, mother, the promise I made when I came to this house? I have not broken it."

She was often tempted to neglect this command, but learned to resist it. "Frequently," said she, "when I think the time has almost come, for me to go and pray, thoughts like these come into my mind: 'What good does it do to pray? God don't hear you, and you are no better off than little girls who never pray. Your friends are not all converted.' The tears come into my eyes, and I will feel bad for a minute or so; but, I get right

up, and say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' and go and pray. Then my trouble is all gone, and I feel quite happy and light-hearted, and it seems as if Christ was with me."

"There's not a joy or blessing,
With this can we compare;
The power that He has given us
To pour out our souls in prayer!"

Her last prayer at night was very impressive. The mother and daughter knelt, with arms folded about each other, to commit themselves to the care of that "Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps," to be kept through the night, amid its dangers and its darkness.

She would first thank God for all his care through the day; ask forgiveness for herself; then implore a blessing on her father, mother, brother, and sister; and her pastor was sure to be remembered. For her teachers and their scholars; for the coming of Christ, and especially for poor children who had no mothers.

The last words of this prayer were always as follows, and they were not said in a hurried style—the manner, and the tone of the voice, plainly indicating that the heart felt what the lips expressed:

"Wake . . I . . morn, . . or . . wake . . I . . never—
I . . give . . myself . . to . . Christ . . forever!"

There was nothing remarkable in the phraseology of this prayer, but it was the *manner* in which it was uttered, that made it impressive.

She had been frequently heard to say, on retiring to rest, that she had no choice, whether she awoke in this world or in heaven! How that prayer still lingers in that mother's ears! How painful the thought, that the lips that once uttered it are now sealed in death! Still, it is a consolation to feel assured, that her child did really and truly give herself to her Saviour in life and health, and that she was fully prepared to go when He called.

CHAPTER VII.

LIBBIE's health began to fail about the first of March, 1857. She at first appeared to be laboring under a slight cold; coughed some, and remained at home from school, because her friends desired it; though she thought that she felt as well as usual. Yet an anxious mother could see danger, and felt that she must have her child under her own eye. No apprehension was felt by her friends till April; and even then those apprehensions were but trifling. She began to have slight chills, succeeded by fever, which soon alarmed her mother. Some days she was apparently quite well. During others, she was confined to her bed almost entirely. She was always meek, quiet and trustful; no complaint or questioning.

In April, her mother had an attack of fever; and her case, at one time, was considered very critical. Libbie's solicitude for her mother's safety, and a desire to do something for her, evidently preyed upon her own strength; and she was soon obliged to give it all up, though reluctantly, and lay upon the bed by her mother's side. She bore it all with fortitude and cheerful resignation.

During their confinements, which was of several weeks' duration, she spoke many soothing, comforting words, like the following: "Don't be discouraged, mother: Jesus loves us; I know He does. Don't think He does not, because of this sickness, for He chastens whom He loves." The promises were very precious to her, and she repeated them often. She said, "If I should live a great many years, I would not ask not to be sick again, this has proved such a blessing to me! My sickest days are my happiest days, for then I feel so submissive to His will!"

One day she exclaimed, "Would it not be delightful, if we could only go home at the same time!" The poor mother would have acquiesced most heartily, if it had been God's will; but He saw otherwise, and gave her grace to watch by her child many wearisome days and nights; and at last to close her eyes in death!

> "As thy day so shall thy strength be;
> And my grace shall be sufficient for thee."

Precious promises! They have never failed, as all can testify, who have rested upon them. Everlasting praises be to Him who left them upon record for the sons and daughters of affliction!

Through this sickness, the friends of the family were very kind; and especially so were the neighbors. Nothing was overlooked that could in any way add to the comfort of this mother and daughter. This affectionate attention was highly appreciated by Libbie, who

would say, "We never can compensate them, but God can. How highly should we prize Christ and His love, for He puts it into their hearts! It comes from Him, after all."

Both mother and daughter finally recovered slowly. The mother said, "As I began to amend, a feeling of disappointment came over me, for I had been in sight of my home; and must admit, that I came back with some reluctance; but the state of my child's health, led me to think God had a work for me to perform;" and so it proved. Once, in the early part of Libbie's sickness, she shrank slightly from taking medicine, but never so as to make her friends trouble. Her brother, who was present, said, "What do you mean? Do you want to get well, or do you want to die?" She very calmly replied, "That is just as God wishes; if He wants me to get well, I want to get well; if He wants me to die, I want to die."

She so far recovered as to lead her friends

to think that the danger was passed, and that she would soon be restored to her accustomed health. But, the seeds of disease were so deeply sown, that no skill of the physician could eradicate them. She soon grew much worse than she had been at any time; and began to suffer intensely. When her paroxysms of pain had passed off, she would say, "I had to bite my tongue to avoid groaning aloud." She was so much afraid she should dishonor Christ by leading those around her to think she thought it hard to suffer, and that He might have ordered it otherwise, that she frequently asked if she had ever dropped a word to this effect, and said, "If I have, it was a mistake, for it was never in my heart to do so." When told that she never had, but, on the contrary, was patient, she would take no credit to herself, saying, "It is grace that keeps me; if it were not for religion, I should make myself and every one around me unhappy with my complainings! 'Tis

Jesus keeps me!" What a lesson to those of riper years!

She was always cheerful. When her physician came, in reply to his question, "How are you this morning?" "A little better," she feebly answered. He remarked to her, one day, very pleasantly, "According to your own story, Libbie, you ought to have been well a great while ago, as you are always *a little better!*"

After he left, she said, "I can't help having more confidence in *Christian* physicians than others; and I think that if their medicine, accompanied by their prayers, do not cure me, it is pretty evident that God thinks it best that I should not get well."

The spring was cold and backward. She looked forward to the approach of dry weather, when she would be enabled to go out and enjoy the fresh air. When the weather became mild and pleasant, however, she was unable to leave her bed. The little girls—

her school companions—full of life and vigor, used to come in to see her. She enjoyed their visits very much, and would say, "It must be delightful to go out this fine weather and pick flowers. If it is God's will I, too, should like to go out and look once more upon this beautiful earth!" Upon one occasion, after her young friends had left, as she lay quietly on her little couch, a tear was seen trembling on her long, silken lashes, and to drop upon her pale cheek. But soon a smile pervaded her face, and she wiped away the tear with her thin, white hand, saying, "I know God puts all my tears in His bottle."

When her disease began to assume an alarming form, her physicians thought it best that she should not be made acquainted with the fact; and therefore the family always spoke of it in her presence as if they expected her to get well. Several journeys were contemplated. One was to be performed as soon as she was able to endure the fatigue. When

the arrangements were being made, she would frequently say, "O, yes, if I get well; but we can't tell how that will be. I have no choice. I can't get up any solicitude about the result of this sickness! I only say, 'It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth to Him good.'"

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He will not, He will not desert to His foes."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Lord revealed himself to her at times, in a very wonderful manner. One day, her mother was called from the room to speak to a lady who had come in. She soon returned, when Libbie opened her eyes and said, "Mother, you can go back and stay with her while she remains; I am very comfortable." When her mother again returned, Libbie's countenance was illumined with joy, and she exclaimed, "O, mother, Jesus smiles so sweetly, and my heart is so full of His love, that I could write a whole book! If you will give me a pencil and paper, I will try to write a little." And in her extreme weakness, she

did write the following, which is here given, *verbatim:*

"I see a vision beautiful and bright!
What think ye?

"'Tis Jesus, smiling through a cloud! His hair, in golden ringlets, surrounds His princely head! And what a countenance! So divine! so lovely! so kind! so glorious! I cannot, O, I cannot, describe it! No; neither can the best poet or author on earth! O, what a kind Father and Saviour He is! Whenever a cloud dims our bright sky, if we are true Christians, and God is pleased with us, we can see His bright face smiling through the cloud down upon us, as though He would cheer us on to that 'Blest, Eternal Home,' which He has in readiness for all those who love Him, and are His children!

"I am not weary of life,
Though I want to go HOME;

Where Jesus doth dwell and the angels too;
Where they tune their bright harps
To sing His praise; and, O,
When I get home,
I will praise Him too! LIBBIE."

Here her strength gave way, and she reached out the paper with her little, trembling hand, saying, "There is not much poetry about it, mother, but I wrote it just as it was in my heart."

The last time Libbie went to the house of God, previous to her death, was the 5th of July, 1857, and the last sermon she heard was that delivered by her pastor, from these words: "Passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain thereof filleth the pools." His subject—Christian faithfulness. In his closing remarks, he appealed to his hearers to know how they would like to reach heaven: "To be saved so as by fire," or "To have an abundant entrance granted unto them?" In illustration, he remarked, "I

have been on the wharf in New York, and seen vessels come in from Liverpool. One, for instance, in a very dilapidated state—sails torn; some of its rigging gone; 'dragging its slow length along,' just able to reach the wharf. But another heaves in sight, in still worse condition; and a boat is sent out to tow her into port. But, ah! another appears. Her canvas all spread; a fine breeze swells the sails; how beautifully she rides up the Sound —every eye gazing in admiration, and shouts of welcome are heard from many voices!"

Libbie was very much interested in these remarks, and when she went home, said, "Were not Mr. S——'s illustrations, upon the faithful Christian's reaching heaven, perfectly beautiful! Would it not be worth while to spend a whole life-time in getting ready to reach home in that way!" The day she died, she asked her mother if she recollected those illustrations. I doubt not there was an abundant entrance granted to her.

"The sting of death is sin," "But the gift of God is eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

It cannot be said of Libbie that she lived in bondage, "through fear of death." At no period of her life did she express the slightest; and during the last few years of her stay on earth, every idea she advanced in respect to it, showed a mind entirely divested of all timidity or shrinking from death, even while in health.

Many times have remarks similar to the following fallen from her lips: "When I hear persons talk about the Christian's dying, I always think it a mistake. The child of God *never dies;* he only sleeps in Jesus!" Blessed sleep! It seems to me like this: suppose I should go to sleep to-night, and, instead of being here when I awoke, should find myself in heaven, should I fear to make such a happy change?" She continued, "Children naturally fear death. I think people, in pre-

paring the dead for the grave, should study to dispel the gloom, especially about little innocent children. I like to see flowers—the most beautiful flowers that can be procured—placed around them. I love to have you do this, mother, for you always take so much pains. You did make little C—— look so sweetly in his coffin! I always think of him as sleeping among the flowers till Christ shall come." In speaking of "little C——," she referred to her sister's infant.

I find a brief composition of Libbie's, which was prepared for "*Allen Seminary*," upon the death of this little one, soon after it occurred. I will give it for the gratification of my young readers. I doubt not but some of her young companions will call it to mind, and Libbie's looks, too, while reading it:

"On the Death of an Infant.

"It was a lovely Sabbath morning, breezy and bright—the summer wind swaying the

tall tree-tops. All else was quiet. The church bells were slowly tolling their last call, when a dear little pilgrim lay awaiting his summons; and, with the last stroke of the church going bell, he was borne to a temple not made with hands. He was a mere infant, not able to speak or walk. He had spent a night of great suffering, but when the precious Sabbath dawned, he turned from his earthly parents, to be tenderly cradled in a Saviour's arms. He had but a step to go, for his stay on earth had been short, though long enough to have the affections of parents and friends entwined around him. The last time we saw him, he lay in his tiny coffin, encircled with flowers, the little waxen hand clasping the emblem of his own purity.

"He was indeed a sweet child! With sorrowful hearts, we followed him to his last resting place. His earthly remains are there, but his patient, gentle spirit knows no suffering, while reposing on the bosom of that Sa-

viour who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' We would not call the dear one back who now rests so safely in the happy land.

"LIBBIE C. INGERSOLL."

CHAPTER IX.

One day, after the physician had left, the girl went into Libbie's room to stay with her a few minutes; and while there, said to her, "Well, Libbie, what does the doctor say?" Her reply to this, was, "Well, sometimes he talks discouragingly, and sometimes encouragingly." "Don't it make you feel bad when he talks unfavorably?" "Why, no; why should it?" the dying child replied; "I have nothing to fear; I am the Lord's; He will take care of me. If I live, I am safe; if I die, I am safe. I have no anxiety about it. I leave it all with Him, for He knows what is best." O, how firm her trust, and unshaken her confidence in her God and Saviour! O! doubting, distrusting, Christian, listen! This

is the language of a child, on a bed of pain; shut in from the world, and from those scenes which make children so happy in spring-time; and one, too, who had the keenest relish and the fullest appreciation of these and kindred earthly joys!

I have before spoken of Libbie's love of prayer. She took great delight in family worship, and seemed to hold everything around spell-bound, till prayer was observed. Just before the observance of family worship, she might be seen, seated with Bible in hand, having previously placed the Bibles belonging to the other members of the family, in the chairs usually occupied by each, and then, waiting patiently till every one should be ready. Should any tardiness become apparent, her pleasant voice would be heard, saying, "We are waiting for you."

My dear young readers, will you imitate Libbie's example? It would be a source of much comfort to your dear mothers. And,

should you be so unfortunate as to have no family altar where you dwell, plead earnestly with your fathers and mothers; and give yourself no rest until one shall have been erected. This accomplished, be as faithful as her of whom I have told you, that the sacred flame may never cease there to burn. I have not said half that I might, to convince you of her high appreciation of this delightful worship.

It was a source of much grief to her, when she became too weak to kneel with her mother at night. She would say, "O, I wish I could kneel with you once more!" Several times she made the attempt, but her strength failed, and she was obliged to content herself with her mother's kneeling by the bed-side and taking her child's hand in her own. In this way only could they now offer up their devotions. These were seasons of great enjoyment to Libbie, and she was very much afraid that something would occur to deprive

her of the blessed privilege. Should stillness chance to prevail in the room, shortly before the usual hours, she would say, "Can't we have prayers now, mother? Some one may be in at the regular hour."

She was no less tenacious in asking God's blessing upon the food which she was about to receive, and in remembering the Giver with gratitude. On taking her seat at the table, she would fold her arms, bend her head forward in reverence, close her eyes, and never attempt to eat until these expressions of gratitude had been duly observed. Should the person at the head of the table, in consequence of some interruption, forget its proper observance, you may be assured she would not; but, in a very quiet, pleasant manner, would allude to the oversight.

One day, after she had become too weak to sit at the table, and her appetite had almost disappeared, her mother carried to her a small cracker and a cup of weak tea, and placing it

near her, sat down by the bed-side. Her child, not seeming to notice the nourishment which had been placed before her, she called her attention to it, by saying, "Do, try to take a little of it, my dear; you need it so much." The meek sufferer looked up, with a faint smile upon her countenance, and said, "*Mother, will you please ask a blessing for me?*" The blessing was asked; God was thanked; and but one teaspoonful of tea was all that she could swallow. O, how many in perfect health, sit down to a sumptuous board, without ever casting a look of gratitude toward Him who purchased for them every comfort with his blood!

At another time, she appeared in deep thought; at length, she broke silence by repeating the passage of Scripture, "'What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits to me?' This has been the language of my heart for a long time." The children of the Sabbath School to which she belonged, were holding

a festival on this day, and she had hoped to have been able to attend. I doubt, however, whether there was one heart in all that merry multitude, that contained as much gratitude as hers, while at home, on a sick bed. Her mother assisted her in recounting God's goodness to her, from her early infancy till that moment.

After a brief silence, she quoted Paul, saying, "'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness!' But, mother," she continued, "I have not lived long enough to fight many hard battles for the Lord, have I?" "Yes, my dear," replied her mother, "you are fighting them every hour." "How can that be?" she inquired. Her mother explained, "By bearing your confinement and sufferings with patience. 'Tis easier for us mortals to do the will of God than to suffer it." The idea thus imparted, that she was glorifying God in pa-

tiently enduring her sufferings, seemed like cold water to a thirsty soul!

"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my race,
And Thee, O, my Saviour, I soon shall embrace!"

The following was found among some waste papers in Libbie's hand-writing. Even if the writing could not have been identified as hers, the sentiment it contains would have left no doubt in the minds of her friends as to its author:

"O, talk to me of Christ and heaven, for earth, with all its scenes, is rapidly passing away! I shall soon give my last look at this beautiful world, with its green fields, and shady groves, and fragrant flowers! But it grieves me not, for Heaven is brighter, far brighter! There is no winter there, with its bitter frosts, to spoil the beautiful flowers of paradise. There is no night there! They need no light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light! There is no sickness! no

death! no sorrow! no tears! For Christ will wipe them all away! I did feel sad at the thought of leaving my dear parents! I had hoped to be a comfort to them, in their old age, but God has ordered it otherwise. He will take care of them! I am not afraid to trust them in His hands! The time draws near! I long, O, I long, to go! Angels call me!

"Forget me not, when I am dead;
But plant the rose-tree at my head.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

"Forget me not, when, with angels above,
I am singing and praising the God I love!

"LIBBIE."

CHAPTER X.

One beautiful morning in summer, after a night of great suffering, she fell into a quiet slumber just at day-break. Her mother, who had been watching with her, dropped to sleep. When she awoke, Libbie was looking toward the sun, for it had risen and was shining with great beauty. The birds, which she could hear from her window, were singing sweetly. The first words that fell from her lips, after she discovered that her mother was awake, were these: "O, how near heaven appears this morning! It seems as if I was almost there! My heart is full of joy! Jesus smiles so sweetly! And there is a beautiful angel hovering over me, soothing and comforting me! If it is God's will I think I had rather

go home now than to get well! There is but one thing that holds me, and that is you, dear mother! I don't like to leave you down here, to suffer! I wish we could go home together! And, when I get there, I will ask permission that you may come!"

After a season of protracted suffering, more severe than she had ever before experienced, during which she had said very little, her mother, desiring to know the state of her mind, and not wishing to ask directly, said to her child, "Libbie, I have thought when I have been sick, that if I should recover, I could convince any impenitent person that a sick bed was not the place to prepare for death." She opened her eyes, and said, "O! mother, it would be a hard place for the sinner, but it is a blessed place for the Christian. 'Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.'"

A little more than a week before she died, she had quite a bright day. In the afternoon,

she said, "I think if you will raise me up a little, and place my pillows around me, I can read some in my Testament." She opened to this passage, "It is needful for you that I go away; if I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but if I go, I will send Him unto you." "O," said she, "what a blessed comforter He is! How He comforts, soothes, and keeps me! And O, how I love this precious word of God! I think when I am laying here, and you are reading it, that I could lie here forever, and hear you; I enjoy it so much! I notice you almost always weep when you read the Bible, mother. I, too, have done so sometimes. I don't now; but it is not because I do not love the Bible, or am the less happy. I don't know why it is, mother; I hav'nt any tears now-a-days." Tears all wiped away! What rest! what joy! what peace! how much of heaven in the heart! how much glory beamed in the countenance!—none but an eye-witness could

realize. She continued: "I have tried to live a Christian life, and to do nothing to grieve my Saviour. But if He should raise me up from this bed, you will witness such devotion to the cause of my blessed Lord, as you never dreamed of. I feel strong now. I have courage to speak to every one I meet, and tell them what He has done for me; and to ask them to seek Him. But if He sees best that I should go now, I am all ready! All I have to say, is, 'It is the Lord,' I leave it with Him!"

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His!"

Her brother, who had been absent a short time, returned. She was very glad to see him, and affectionately said, "O, if you would become a Christian, how happy we should be, for then you would go to evening meetings with me, if I get well; and we could pray together. It would be delightful! would it

not? I have not been as good a girl nor as good a Christian as I ought to have been; but if I get well, you will see a great change. I shall speak to every one I meet, about the love of Christ. If people ridicule me and call me crazy, it will make no difference." Her brother assured her that no one would do that. "Well," said she, "if they do, it won't prevent me from asking them to love God."

She had become so much emaciated, that her little bones protruded through the skin, and caused her great suffering. When sympathy was manifested for her, she would exclaim, "I would suffer all this and much more—why, I guess I would—if it would only be the means of making Mr. —— and —— Christians. Why, yes! and even give up my life, were it necessary!" For these individuals, she felt the most intense anxiety, and had been heard to say, while in health, that she would willingly die to save them. She

"loved them dearly," to use her own words; and she realized that if the soul was lost all was lost! Heaven and hell were realities to her. She was now so near the boundary-line that separates time from eternity, the necessity of a preparation to enter upon an untried state admitted of no doubt. To her a thousand worlds would be no compensation for the loss of a single soul. Dear reader, have *you* made sure work of salvation?

A few nights before Libbie died, she prevailed upon her mother to lessen the light, and lie down at her side upon the bed, saying, "I wish I could lay on your arm once more as I used to do, but I am too weak now." She enjoyed laying upon her mother's arm as much at ten as at two years of age. Alas! her little weary head will no more lie pillowed on that mother's arm, where it had so often found repose and sweet forgetfulness. But a Saviour's arms are now enfolding her, and on His breast will she find eternal repose. As

James Hamilton beautifully says, "The everlasting arms are the first resting-place of the disembodied soul—it will be in the bosom of Immanuel that the emancipated spirit will inquire, 'Where am I?' and read in the face of Jesus the answer, 'Forever with the Lord.'" "Absent from the body we are present with the Lord."

On the morning of the day previous to her death, an expressive prayer was made at her bed-side, which induced her to think that all hope had finally fled from the minds of her friends, in regard to her ultimate recovery. She inquired if it were so. On being answered in the affirmative, and the question being asked if she were afraid to die, she expressed much surprise that any one should think so. "Why," said she, "mother, I guess *I* am not afraid to die! But what can I do with *you?*" Her greatest anxiety, during her sickness, was in behalf of her mother, lest she should wear her out. This she expressed many times

saying, "O, my dear mother; my sickness will kill you; you cannot endure so much; I am afraid I can never repay you." Her mother, to comfort her, would say, "O, yes, Libbie; you will take care of me when I am old. You are all I have to fall back upon."

This idea had buoyed her up wonderfully, as she looked forward to the time when her mother should become old and feeble. Then, should her own life be prolonged, she could, in some measure, repay the kind attentions she was now receiving. Do my young readers wonder, then, that a child possessed of such strong filial attachment toward her parent, on learning that she must soon die, would tremblingly ask, "What shall I do with you, mother?" It required but a moment for her to decide; for she had already learned that her Heavenly Father would keep safely whatever she committed to His hands.

One night, among the last she spent on

earth, loneliness and stillness pervading, just as the clock struck "one," poor little Libbie could find no respite from her pain. Her mother sat closely by her bed-side, to soothe and comfort at least by her presence, for this was all that now remained to be done. With a great effort, she raised her tiny, emaciated arm, and placing it around her mother's neck, and pressing her cheek to her own, with all the strength she could command, she said, "O! dear mother! how *can* we be separated! I had hoped we might be permitted to go home together; but if God sees fit to take me first, I know it will be for the best. You can take care of yourself. I could not. My education is not finished; and what could I do without you? I could not live down here! It seems to me, if you were gone, I should only pray to die, that I might go and be with you!

"God will bless you, take care of you, and carry you safely through. Don't be discour-

aged! He loves you, I know He does, dear mother! And will never forsake you! Trust Him, and go on, as you have done; and, by and by, they will all welcome you home. Don't weep, mother; I can't bear to think that you will mourn for me! It will be only a little while! How short to me seems the time when we shall be walking the golden streets, with harps in our hands, singing the praises of our dear Saviour! 'These are they that have come up out of great tribulation; and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!'"

I will not attempt to repeat here all the conversation. It continued some time, and closed by a devout prayer, that each be fully prepared to meet the will of God. Reader, have you ever noticed the peculiar sound which the midnight stillness gives to the voice of prayer?

O! could we have listened to the voice of "Him who, when it was even, went up into a

mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer."

"Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of His prayer!"

CHAPTER XI.

She was very fond of fruit, and had been anxiously looking forward to the time when certain kinds should ripen. When the wished-for delicacy was finally presented to her, looking so very tempting, she was unable to eat of it, her mouth had become so sore. On realizing her inability to partake of it, she remarked, "Had I known that I could not have eaten it, when placed within my reach, I should have felt bad; but now I do not; for I think I am just as happy in *looking* at it!" Wonderful! wonderful grace! O, praise and magnify it with me!

A dish of delicious fruit was standing near, which had been sent to her by dear friends. Just before she died, she looked up to it, with

a smile, saying, "Is it not beautiful? You will think of me when you eat it; won't you, mother? I love you all so well, I don't want to be forgotten, when I am gone!" It is needless to say, she was assured that her memory would ever be cherished.

This poor, selfish world, has known but few such loving hearts as her's!

Libbie's Dying Requests.

After she had ascertained that her end was near, she inquired, with composure, how soon it was thought death would remove her. On being told that it would not be surprising if she should be called away during the day, but that she might stay several days, she felt there was no time to be lost, and wished a dear friend of her's immediately called. As he entered the room, after beckoning him to sit near, she said, "Now, ——, I am about to die. Mother tells me they say that I can live but a short time, and I want you should prom-

ise me that you will become a Christian, and meet me in heaven. I know you have been a great sinner. You have abused Christ and trampled on His mercies; but I also know how forgiving is my dear Saviour, for He has forgiven me. He will pardon you, if you will only ask Him. O, seek Him now! Won't you promise me that you will? I can die so much easier if I have reason to hope that I shall meet you where we can spend a happy eternity together!"

"I have done all that I could to save you," she continued. "I have talked with you, and prayed and prayed for you; *and now I am going to die for you!* Can I do anything more? Remember the Sabbath, and don't read foolish books, but read the Bible, and such other books as will do you good!" Her breath grew short, and it was with difficulty that she could utter these last sentences.

She called all her friends around her, and

addressed them in a similar manner; besought her sister to live for Christ; to bring up her children in the fear of the Lord; to send them to Sabbath School, and get them ready for heaven.

She plead earnestly with her brother-in-law —entreating him to be prepared to meet her in glory, at any moment when the summons might come to call him away.

As her father and mother sat by her, each holding one of her hands, she said, "Now don't be worldly-minded." Her mother remarked, "Perhaps God is taking you up to heaven, so that our hearts will be drawn there also." "Yes!" she replied, "that is just what He is doing it for. Now, dear parents, do look up, and think of me there!"

In her dying request, she besought her father to live for Christ. "Dear father," said

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she, "don't be too much occupied with business. Be a real, *real* Christian! Be very particular about family prayers! Take good care of my dear mother! Try to arrange your business affairs so that she will not be lonely! And by and by, what a happy meeting we shall have, no more to be separated!"

To her mother, she said, "I am going, but don't grieve, don't grieve, dear mother! You will not, will you? It will only be a little while!" "O, I know it, my dear!" her mother replied, in the broken accents of a gushing heart, "and you will be there to greet me!" "O, yes!" said her darling dying child, "I will come out to meet you! I shall come and soothe you in your sad and lonely hours! *O, yes! I will be your ministering spirit, mother!*"

A few stanzas will be found at the close of this work, founded upon this sweet promise of the dear child, written by her sister.

She requested her mother to write to her aunt, who had visited her during her sickness, but had left a short time previous, to tell her to live for Christ—to do all she could for Him, and to devote her life to His service.

"When I am gone, dear mother," said she, "buy a Bible for cousin J——, and send it to him, with my dying request, that he will read it, obey God, and be prepared to meet me in Heaven."

"Tell uncle P——, *especially*, that I want to meet him there. All our cousins, too. Tell cousins I—— N——, and L—— N——, that it was my dying request, that they should get ready to meet me where they will be more happy than at any meeting on earth. Tell them these are Libbie's dying words."

"My own Bible, mother, I wish you to keep." This request will doubtless be most

sacredly complied with. It is already embalmed in tears and kisses. Her own Bible! How precious! The passages in it most dear to her are marked. That Bible, with which she had so often sat down with such great delight, to search out the answers to questions given her at school by Miss A——.

It had been her companion at the house of God. From it she had learned her lessons for the Sabbath School. The texts of Scripture from which she had heard the faithful servant of Christ preach, from time to time, were all marked in it. In this she had learned the promises on which she now rested. From its sacred pages had been unfolded to her mind the plan of redemption—story of the shepherds at Bethlehem—the Man of sorrows, on whom her heart was so firmly set—Pilate's bar—Gethsemane—the cross—the resurrection—the ascension—and the confidence she now felt of soon meeting this Jesus in glory, she had derived from it. To this she had listened

when a babe in her mother's arms. This, the first book her infant lips were taught to read. It had been her guide all the way through. She had now arrived at the brink of the river. That Saviour whom it recommended, had never failed her, but was now present, and ready to conduct her safely over. *Her darling treasure—her own Bible! she bequeathed to her dear mother!*

A short time before she died, a little friend of her's called to see her, and put a ring upon her finger. The day she left us, she took it off, and gave it to her mother, saying, "Give it to ——, and ask her to think of me when she sees it, and be ready to meet me in heaven. Give my love to all the dear girls —my companions. They have all been very good to me. Tell them how anxious I am to meet them in my blessed home above!"

It was truly wonderful to witness with what composure and cheerfulness she conversed

with her mother on this occasion. She exhibited no more perturbation of mind than if she had been making arrangements to visit a friend.

In her last message to her friends, who were out of Christ, her whole soul was drawn out. *It was her last effort!* and she summoned all her remaining strength. Language here would utterly fail to convey anything like an adequate conception of the earnestness of the expression of her full, dark, yet dying, eye, as she spoke the following words:

"It seems to me, mother, that I shall never have another opportunity of speaking to any person about Christ. You know I had made great calculations on doing so, hoping, if God should spare my life, that I might, with His help, bring a great many souls to Him. And, O! I wish I might say something before I go, that would bring even one soul to Him! Our dear friends—how kind they have been

to me! Think of the beautiful flowers and many other things which they have brought to comfort me during the summer! And some of them *are not Christians!* I can never again see them, although I had hoped to do so. But you must tell them, for me, mother,—O! tell them what Christ has done for me. He has loved me all the way through. How happy I am now! Not afraid to die! Heaven is opened before me! I shall soon be there! He will do the same for them. He has comforted me all through this sickness; and is just as willing to do so for all who love Him. Tell them to seek Him now. What should I do here without a Saviour? And what can they do, when they occupy a death-bed, if Jesus is not with them? Perhaps they may be where I now am before another year! I was well, last year, you know, mother. Tell all my young friends, especially, that I want them to become Christians; for, should they live, they will have the longer

time to labor for Christ. *Tell them it is my last words—my dying message! O! impress it upon them!* Impress it—upon—them,—moth——."

She then sank, exhausted, and it seemed for a moment that the vital spark had fled.

An aunt, who was present, said, "I have read of similar death-bed scenes, but always supposed they were exaggerated. This exceeds everything!"

After a moment or two, she rallied, and said, "I am done! I wish He would come and take me home!" And again, after a little, she said, "I am waiting for Jesus to come!"

It was thought that she could not live through the night. Her parents and friends sat at her bed-side, expecting every breath to be her last. In the morning, as day began to dawn, she seemed to revive a little, and opening her eyes, turned them toward the

window. Her mother said to her, "It is day-light, Libbie." "Yes," she replied. "I thought I should have been home before this time!" "Can't you stay with us a little longer, my dear?" inquired her mother. "O! yes; if it is God's will; but I want to go home!"

Her sufferings, for the last few hours of her life, were most intense. Indeed, I think but few have ever suffered so much from the same disease.

Later in the morning, she inquired if her pastor had called since the previous evening. On being asked if she would like to see him, she said, "Yes; I would like to see him once more, before I go home!" He came, and prayed with her. Other Christian friends called, and sang and prayed with her. She frequently requested them to sing. At one time her mother said, "What shall we sing, Libbie? Have you any choice?" She raised her hands as far as her strength would allow,

and exclaimed, "O, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! my happy home!"

At twelve o'clock, she looked up, with a smile, and said, "O, mother, I wish I could take you with me! O, I wish I could take you all with me!" A few minutes before the clock struck one, she began to cough, and said, "I AM DYING! *Now—turn me over, and let me die on my side!*"

A brief struggle, and all was over! The freed spirit was at rest on the bosom of its God!

MY CHILD.

A light is from our household gone;
A voice we loved is stilled;
A place is vacant at our hearth,
Which never can be filled.
A gentle heart—that throbbed but now
With tenderness and love—
Has hushed its weary throbbings here,
To throb in bliss above.
Yes; to the home where angels are
Her trusting soul has fled;

And yet, we bend above the tomb,
With tears, and call her dead.
We call her dead—but ah! we know
She dwells where living waters flow!

CHAPTER XII.

Frequently in the course of Libbie's sickness, when not exercised with pain, her eyes would be fixed upon some object in the room, apparently in deep thought. At the close of one of these supposed reveries, she looked up, with a smile, saying, "I have been looking up my acquaintances in heaven. The inquiry came to my mind, whether I should be a stranger when I reached there, and it led me to look about, to see who had gone from this world that I had known. I found a large number there. Such and such an one, I am quite sure, are there; and they will know me. And, more than all, Christ will know me!"

True, indeed, more than all! What will the recognition of dearest friends avail, if Christ disowns? The word of truth declares, that there will be some of whom He will say, "I never knew you as my disciples!"

Dear reader, how often do you turn your thoughts toward that place of rest, which God has prepared for the saints? You have kindred there, no doubt. There are but few who have not. Perhaps a sainted father, whose last breath was spent in prayer for his children. And his sun might have set in darkness on your account, had not faith pointed to Him who hath said, "Leave thy fatherless children with me;" and then, he, trusting, turned away his face and calmly died. Perchance a mother has been taken from you, while too young to appreciate the loss you had sustained; but which she could. It may be, her very heart was wrung with anguish, at the first thought of leaving you in helpless infancy, in such a world as this. But she heard the blessed

Jesus say, He loved little children, such as you; and the assurance gave her peace. And, as death began to palsy her arms, she confidingly placed you in His, at the same time leaning her own head upon His breast, and fading away, like a morning star in the mid-day brightness. Grace always triumphs! And has she forgotten you? Ah! no; she still watches your every act with maternal, though not with painful, solicitude. If you are a stranger to God, do you not often hear her gentle whisper, urging you to flee from "The paths of the destroyer, and lay hold on eternal life?"

The writer, too, has a mother in heaven —blessed thought!—of whose recollection naught is left, save a coffin, a face of Grecian mould, and a brow of alabaster whiteness. But she walked with God! Her last work was to give up her offspring to Him in baptism, and when her prayer that succeeded this consecration, ceased, her lips only moved once to

say, "I have done!" and then sweetly fell asleep.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that some mother may have a son there, in whom were centered all her hopes for the future? It may be, that he copied from that being whose removal from earth caused her to be written, "widow." She checked every rising of disobedience; watched carefully every development of intellect; plead earnestly for his early conversion to Christ. And was it not one of the brightest spots in her history, when he gave himself to the Saviour, and she had good reason to hope that his name had been written in heaven? And then, with how much interest she watched his progress, as he reached one mile-stone after another, in the Christian race! She fondly cherished the hope, that her boy would prove a blessing to the world; and that, when her head should be pillowed in death, he would exert an influence on the side of religion and truth, that

would tell favorably upon the destinies of mankind.

But, alas! in an unexpected moment, the blow had fallen! He has perished from her sight; and with him all her hopes of earthly happiness! She loved her child, but could not realize, till he had gone, that his existence was interwoven with her every plan of life. And he, though removed to that bright world, does not forget his widowed, and perhaps now childless, mother. Bereaved one! when your cheeks have been suffused with tears, have you not been surprised to find them suddenly disappear, and your spirit communing with that of your child? Perhaps it was the unseen hand of a ministering angel that wiped away your tears and bade you look up.

My dear young reader, do you fear to die? Do you shudder when you think of the narrow house and the lowly bed? If you love Christ, you have not the slightest reason to tremble. He can make the dying hour the

happiest of which you were ever conscious! Suppose you were on a long and wearisome journey in a wilderness—fatigued, worn and fainting—far away from your father's house, and all the comforts it affords; and that your mother should suddenly appear and say, "I have come for you; our family circle is incomplete. You need rest, my son; lay your head upon my arm and go to sleep; fear nothing. When you awake, you will be at home in your father's arms." If you credit your mother's words, under these circumstances, your heart will be filled with joy, instead of fear. Now, Christ will do for all His friends what this mother proposes to do for her son.

Are you His friend? Have you taken Him for your portion? If so, all is safe. I dare not attempt to describe the darkness that will surround the poor sinner in the dying hour, if he is without a Saviour on whom to lean. If you are a stranger to God, do not rest, I

beseech you. "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace;" this is the only way to secure it. The world has never fully understood the full meaning of that beautiful word, "*Peace!*" None but the Christian has ever experienced that deep, smiling of the soul, that this word indicates, taken in this connection. The sinner may at times wear a smiling countenance, while the poor soul is like the troubled sea, whose waters cannot rest.

O! listen to the warning voice of one who loves you. You must die; you cannot tell how soon. Life hangs upon a brittle thread. Perhaps it has already been said in heaven, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee!" Do not risk your eternal happiness by indulging in one hour's forgetfulness, till your peace is made with God, and your name is written in heaven. You cannot, with safety—and do not, I pray—any longer neglect a matter of such vast importance, for your

destiny may be beyond the light of hope. O! the unutterable anguish that will fill the soul when the certainty of its doom is announced, and all is lost—forever lost! I trust, while you are reading these pages, and the Spirit says, "come," that you will not say, "Go thy way for this time!"—for, O, it may be your last invitation!

Another Lamb in the Shepherd's Bosom.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAYS OF

ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE INGERSOLL,

WHO DIED SEPT. 18, 1857.

To the Children of the Brick Church Sabbath School, this little Memorial of one whom they loved, is affectionately dedicated by their Pastor.

My Dear Children, I have just followed to Mount Hope, all that was left us here of another of Christ's Lambs; and, as she was very dear to me, and dearer still to the Saviour, I want to tell you something about her.

Elizabeth, or, as we called her, and still call her, LIBBIE INGERSOLL, was an only daughter; the only one of her mother. Even you, dear children, must have noticed, that Death visits those circles which can least afford to bear the loss. The brother of Martha and Mary, was an only brother—the son of the Widow of Nain, an only son; and the daughter of Jairus, ruler of the Synagogue, an only daughter. So, Libbie was an only daughter; and, like the daughter of Jairus, was twelve years of age when she lay a-dying.

I should like to tell you something about *Libbie's Mother;* but as she still lives, and may see this little memorial of her child, it would not be best. This, I can say, however, that I wish every child had such a mother as Libbie had; and if we had more such mothers in the world, we should not have to wait much longer for the Millennium.

This mother took her daughter by the hand when she was only three years old, and led

her to the Sabbath School of the Brick Church, in the city of Rochester; and there she was every Sabbath day, until she laid down to die.

She loved the Sabbath School very much, as every good child does, who has a good teacher. Nothing but sickness could keep her away; and it must be *real sickness*, too. If she was not in her seat in the Sabbath School, the next place to look for her was *her bed.*

Her Pastor has what he calls his *Children's Class.* Once a month he gets the children together, to talk with them about the Saviour; and Libbie, unless sick, or out of the city, was as *sure to be there*, as the pillars which hold up the roof; and she came with eyes and ears open, and face all on fire with interest.

This dear child also loved the Sanctuary. She was sometimes so happy in her Heavenly Father's House, that she wanted the Saviour to come there, and take her home.

Then, she loved her Bible, too. When only three years old, she began to pick out the letters with her fingers; and when five years old, she had read the new Testament through. She had, as every Christian, old or young, has, her favorite passages,—words which she had taken out of the Bible, and hid in her heart, as if afraid that she might lose them. How often during her sickness, did she say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee." "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?"

Need I tell you that Libbie loved to pray? She had her closet, and often went into it. But this was not enough, for, almost as often, she and her mother turned aside from the household cares, to pray. Even this could not satisfy her; and, not unfrequently, she took the servant girl by the hand and went up stairs to pray. But how did she manage at School? Could she go three hours at a

time there, without praying? I will tell you how she managed. Every now and then, she put her book up to her face, and shut her eyes, and silently raised her heart to God.

But Libbie loved her Saviour most of all. I cannot tell you how much she loved her Saviour; even *she* could not, were she to come back. One morning, during her sickness, her mother came into the room, and finding her face covered, asked her if she was suffering more than usual. "No, dear mother," she replied, "I am happy this morning; very happy. Jesus seems quite near, and very precious. He smiles so sweetly. O! my heart is so full of love to my dear Saviour, I could write a whole book." And, weak as she was, she did write a full page. That page, I am sorry to say, cannot be found; but God has written it all in His book of remembrance —that book which He keeps always by Him, on His throne.

There was nothing which she was not ready

to give to her Saviour. Having heard that a father and mother, who had buried a little daughter, were very much unreconciled to the dispensation, she said, "I think it is not right for Mr. and Mrs. B——, to fret so much about their daughter." And when the one with whom she was conversing, said, "Libbie, if God should take away your mother, I guess that *you* would fret," she replied, "Perhaps I should fret; but I don't believe I would grudge my mother to God."

I cannot tell you, dear children, *when* Libbie gave herself to Christ. Her mother cannot tell you. I know that she often felt, young as she was, that she was a great sinner. I know that nothing troubled her so much as the way in which she had treated the Saviour who had died for her. I know, also, that she rested on that Saviour alone, for salvation; and this is all which I care to know.

At nine years of age, having satisfied the Session that she was in Christ Jesus, she was

received into the Church, and sat down with us at the table of the Lord. From that time, until she fell asleep, she daily became more and more like the Saviour, whom she loved so well; and lived like one who expected to leave us soon.

Six months since, she was laid on a sick bed, and kept there for the most of the time, until the angels came, and carried her home. During these months she suffered much; for I never knew disease to make such ravages on a human frame. It seemed as if her very bones had perished; and yet, through it all, I hesitate not to say, she was the happiest child in the city. So happy was she—so cheerful—that one who came into the room, must take the second look to be convinced that she was seriously sick.

This was the child who said, "Mother, I have only to shut my eyes, day or night, to be in heaven." O! is not that a short road to heaven? She was too happy to complain.

Not a murmur escaped her lips during her long sickness.

Her disease having assumed a serious aspect, a consultation of physicians was called. After examining her symptoms, as is customary, they retired to another room, and she wondered why they should leave. "I am ready, mother, to hear all that they say. If they say that I can live, I should be glad to live; and if they say I must die, I am ready to die."

During her last days, she fulfilled all the gentle offices of love. Of her affection for her father, and brother and sister; and of her inexpressible tenderness for her mother—a tenderness indicated by the very tones of her voice—I dare not trust myself to speak. You will see it clearly enough, in a fact which I shall tell you, a little further on; and yet I will state here, one thing which took place the day before she died, as it shows how sure she was that she was going home. After a

dear friend had sung the verse of a sweet hymn, she said, "The voice is not so sweet as *your's*, mother." And that word, "*mother*," was spoken in such a tone, that it has followed me ever since. I said to her, "My dear child, you will soon hear a sweeter voice than your mother's, for you will hear the angels sing—those who sang around your Saviour's cradle." "Yes," she replied; "*and I will sing with them!*"

I have met since her death, an aged handmaiden of the Lord—a mother in Israel, over three score years and ten—who told me that Libbie, sick as she was, thought of her, and sent her tokens of love from her death-bed. This kindness, of that dear, dying child, was like a cup of cold water to this way-worn pilgrim. And the last thing she asked of her mother, was, to take care of the *poor children*, who, during the next winter, might be cold and hungry. Was not the spirit of this little child, the spirit of Him who hung upon the

cross; who, even in His hour of greatest need, thought of every one but Himself; made provision for His mother; gave a pardon to the dying thief, and put up a prayer for His murderers?

The composure with which Libbie met death, was very wonderful. All hope of her recovery was not given up until the day before she died. That morning she perceived from her mother's prayer, that she must go. "Mother," said she, "I should think from your prayer, that I shall not get well." Her mother told her that it was so; and said, "Libbie, are you afraid to die?" She instantly exclaimed, in surprise, "*Afraid* to die, mother! Why should I be afraid to die? Should I be afraid to go home?" This little child, twelve years old, and so wasted away, received the announcement of her speedy death, as if she had been told simply that she was to be removed to another room! Having learned, however, that her time was short, she has-

tened to finish her work. She sent for those whom she loved, and who are not in Christ; and how earnestly she pleaded with them, it is not for me to say, but the judgment of the last day will show. Alas! for them, if in vain she lingered at the gate, to do what she had done so often before—beg them not to reject Christ!

Libbie had her favorite hymn; I hope, dear children, that every one of you will get it by heart. Here it is:

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to His throne!

My Saviour, whom, absent, I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.

When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline;

O, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet Him, whom, absent, I loved—
I shall see Him, whom, unseen, I adored!

This beautiful hymn of Cowper's, was often sung by her bed-side. It was sung for the last time, only a little while before the angels came; and as the sweet sounds ceased, she clasped her hands, with all the strength she had left, in silent rapture, and then uttered one word,—the first word, perhaps, she uttered as she passed through the gate; that word, the full meaning of which, you and I shall never know until we get home:—GLORY!

After she had been in the death agony six and thirty hours, and aware that she might go at any moment, she wanted to give to her brother and mother a last token of love. So, three hours before she died, she wrote in two books, the words which I will tell you about in a moment. These last lines her hand ever traced, are beautifully written—for she wrote

a beautiful hand for a little girl; and they seem to me more like a message of love from the other side of the river, than anything which I have seen. In one book, she wrote, "To my dear brother, Charles, from his dying sister, Libbie;" and at the top of the page, "May God and peace be with you!" In the other book she wrote, "To my dear mother, from her dying daughter, Libbie;" and at the top of the page, "We shall soon meet to part no more!"

Libbie sent earnest messages to her dear teacher, Miss ALLEN, principal of Allen Female Seminary, and who had not a little to do in making her what she was; to her Sabbath school teacher, and to the superintendent, beseeching them to live for Christ, and bring all they could to his feet. And she told me to tell you, dear children, that she died happy —that she was going to heaven, and wanted to meet you there.

The Scriptures teach us that the angels

minister to the saints. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" We believe, that the angels, among other things which they do, give us good thoughts. May we not also believe, that they sometimes give us pleasant dreams? Libbie had some pleasant dreams. One night she dreamed that she was taken away, to meet God. When she came where God was, He reached out His hand, and told her to reach out her's; so she reached out her little hand, and put it into God's; and "O! mother," she said, "how soft it was!" Yes; that is a soft hand; it has wiped away Libbie's tears; and I hope, dear child, will one day wipe away *your's!*

Another night, Libbie dreamed that she was carried far off, into a strange land; and, far as her eyes could see, were vast fields of moss; for few things in nature appeared so beautiful to her, as *moss;* and there were

whole fields of moss—nothing but moss. Beyond these fields of moss, were vast fields of flowers, fairer, far, than anything which blooms under these unfriendly skies; and these fields were filled with little children, who were gathering the flowers, carrying them in their arms, and laying them down at the Saviour's feet; and she, too, gathered flowers with them, in these fields of the blest. Perhaps the crown which encircles her head, is a wreath of unwithering flowers. She casts them down at her dear Saviour's feet, and then takes them up, only to cast them down again.

But she has gone! The Master came sooner than we expected. We had hoped to have kept her with us a little longer; and yet, when we think how lovely she was, we can only wonder that the Saviour did not come before. Dear as she must have been to Him, how could He consent to be sepa-

rated from her so long? But she has gone; and, much as we miss her here, I think that they have been happier than ever in our Father's house, since she went home!

My dear child, when you go, may you go as Libbie went—with peace in your heart, and praise on your lips! When your hour has come, may you lay your head where Libbie laid her's—on the bosom of your Saviour, and breathe your life out sweetly there! According to her own beautiful dream, *may you gather flowers with her in the garden of God, and lay them down at the Saviour's feet!*

O, happy, happy country! where
There entereth not a sin;
And Death, who keeps its portals fair,
May never once come in.

No grief, can change their day to night;
The darkness of that land, is light:
Sorrow and sighing, God has sent
Far hence, to endless banishment.

And never more shall one dark tear
Bedim their burning skies;
For every one they shed while here,
In fearful agonies,
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem
In their immortal diadem!

TRIBUTES

TO THE

MEMORY OF LIBBIE.

IN MEMORY OF LIBBIE.

BY CORNELIA S. ALLEN.

Among the memories of the heart
Lurks many a hidden spell;
Within the desert of despair
Lies many a cooling well.

In sober Autumn's faded days
There linger fragrant flowers;
And in the saddest, darkest years,
There cluster joyous hours.

Within the deepest, blackest cloud,
There hover gleams of light;
Full many a bright and glorious star
Rests on the brow of night.

O! in the cup of bitterness
Sweet mercy may distill;
And 'mid our sad, lamenting grief,
Peace may our bosoms fill.

Full oft within our home-twined wreath
A beauteous *bud* has birth;
But, ah! it still may be too frail
To *blossom* here on earth.

Among our store of jewels rare
There may be one we prize:
That one might brighter, clearer shine,
'Mid jewels in the skies.

Then weep not, mourner, for the bud
Has but transplanted been—
Placed in a pure and happy land,
Where sorrow comes not in;—

The gem that you have guarded here
Whit tend'rest care and love,
Is set within the diadem
That you shall wear above.

Banish the sigh from out your soul,
The sadness from your heart;
For He who "*doeth all things well*"
Doth bid your tears depart.

Rochester, Oct., 1857.

The following lines of sympathy are from the pen of a dear friend, who had often been called upon to part with her own loved ones:

A FRAGMENT.

"Children," said I, one beautiful morning, "shall we have a ride?" A ready response was given, and I was soon seated in the carriage. They all came clambering in, after me—one—two—three—four—a merry, noisy group, altogether too happy to be decently quiet.

But their mirthfulness was checked when I told them it was my purpose that they should carry an offering of flowers to a dear little girl, a member of their own Sabbath School, who was sick. But twelve summers have passed over her head, and now she is laid on a bed of languishing; and—O! pitying Saviour, must it be—of death!

I enter the house—its stillness oppresses me. There she lies, calm and pale! But we

bless the Lord, it is not the paleness of fear! O, no! months ago, when in health, she gave her heart to God, and He is with her, to soothe her pains, and wipe her tears away. And

> "He will give her grace to conquer,
> And keep her, to the end."

A few days more, and the end has come. Up! little one, the Master has come, and calls for thee! Thou art about to enter the Sabbath School, *above!* They are ever learning there, and angels are their teachers.

Now, God help that stricken mother! Will she faint, in this hour of trial? *Weep* she may, for "*Jesus* wept," and nature will tremble, like a reed shaken by the blast. But her soul is strong in God, and she can "stand up and bless the Lord," and say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

See! how she watches the fleeting breath! —and as the little, weary heart ceases to beat, her whole soul goes out in the petition, "Lord

Jesus, receive her spirit." Blessed Saviour, take her by the hand, and let her walk through the dark valley by thy side, that she be not afraid. Or, take her in thine arms, and carry her safely to the mansion Thou hast prepared for her, there to sing the song of redeeming love forever, and forever!

The few hours, between the death scene and the grave, pass heavily away; and now she approaches, to take a last look of the precious clay. Amid all her grief, the heart swells with gratitude to those dear friends, who have spared no effort to make the wasted form look life-like and attractive. Yes! my darling, the flowers you loved so well are your companions; —

For they have scattered roses sweet
Around thy brow so fair,
And placed a lily near thy cheek—
But oh! 'twill wither there!
Elizabeth, my cherished one,
Thou'st passed from earth away;

Bright was thy morning, but thy sun
Went down, ere noon of day.
A bud of promise, thou did'st bless
Awhile these hearts of ours;
And now, transplanted, thou shalt bloom
'Mid heaven's eternal flowers!

Comfort thy heart, poor mother? A little while, and you, too, will be called to pass over Jordan. Who, think you, will be the first to greet you, and, leading you to the Saviour, ask you to help her praise Him, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

E. M. S.

THE following was one of Libbie's favorite pieces. In placing it here, I think it will call to the minds of her young friends, and indeed those who did not know her, many pleasing associations:

"SING ME TO SLEEP, MY MOTHER."

Sing me to sleep, my mother,
Sing, O! sing me to sleep;
But why dost thou look so joyless,
Mother, O! why dost thou weep?

They say the world above us,
Is brighter than this we leave;
'Tis there I'm going, mother—
Then why, O! why should'st thou grieve?

Sing me to sleep, my mother,
Sing, for I fain would go;
Thou know'st that I love thee, mother,
Then why art thou weeping so?

The angels are calling me, mother;
Those beings so radiant and bright;
Their voices are sweet, my mother—
Their robes are glowing with light.

Dost thou not hear them, mother?
They say to me, "Mortal, arise!
And we'll bear thee on wings of love,
To our home beyond the bright skies."

They say the earth is fair, mother—
Yet its flowers but bloom to decay;
And O! 'tis eternal spring-time
In the spirit-land far away!

Sing me to sleep, my mother—
Sing to me but once more,
Ere the spirit shall take its flight
To that purer world to soar.

I know there's a brighter world, mother,
And I trust that world's for me;
Think gladly of me when I'm gone,
And in heaven I'll watch o'er thee!

A. E. W.

FROM HER MUSIC TEACHER.

It is a pleasure to me to contribute to the memory of one so sweet and lovely; one so pure, mild, and gentle, as Libbie. Methinks I can now hear her soul-thrilling music, as it dropped from her tiny fingers, like dew-drops after a refreshing shower, when the bright sun sheds its rich effulgence on the earth.

But Libbie has faded, like a beautiful flower, from our view, and gone to those celestial regions where her pure spirit can drink its full of bliss and joy; where, in imagination, I can see her transformed into a beautiful angel, with her golden harp—always tuned—to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Libbie had a very sweet voice, and excelled in music. She preferred sacred music, and selected, with much care, what she thought would please her mother. She is perhaps even now singing her mother's favorite hymn.

S. H.

"I WILL BE YOUR MINISTERING SPIRIT, MOTHER."

Now the blessed light of heaven
To my eye no gladness brings;
In my ear, bewildering noises,
Like the rush of angel wings;
Forms I loved, but long since parted,
Pass before my weakened sense—
Phantom shapes, and warning voices,
Waiting now to bear me hence!

But I know that gentle watcher,
With the anguish in her eye;
And her love, beyond expressing,
Folds me still in agony.
Mother! dearest, best of mothers!
Has thy Saviour died in vain?
Loose thy hold, then, darling mother,
I go hence to come again!

If 'tis given the blessed mission,
Those who pass from earth away,
To return and soothe the mourner,
O'er her sad and lonely way—

I will come before the night-shades
On this weary earth descend;
Dry thy tears, sweet, mourning mother—
I will watch thee to the end!

When the last faint pulse is quiet,
Thou wilt linger still, I know;
Smoothing out unheeded wrinkles,

Drench with tears my cheek and brow.
But if that dear wish is granted,
On which so many hopes depend,
I will be thy minist'ring spirit—
I will watch thee to the end!

J.

After Libbie's death, the following lines were found, neatly written in pencil, and carefully laid away in her mother's Bible:

TO MOTHER.

There is a *lip*, which mine hath pressed,
Which none hath ever pressed before;
It moved to make me sweetly blessed,
And mine—mine only pressed it more!

There is a *bosom*—all my own—
Hath pillowed oft this aching head,
A mouth which smiles on me alone,
And eyes whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two *hearts*, whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet,
That pulse to pulse, responsive still,
That both must heave, or cease to beat!

There are two *souls*, whose equal flow
In gentle streams so truly run,
That when they part—they part; O, no;
They cannot part—these souls are one!

[Selected.] DAUGHTER LIBBIE.

"MEET ME IN HEAVEN."

When the summer days were gliding
Into sweet September's arms,
And the sun's more softened splendor
Lent rare beauty to her charms;
When the days were sweet and dreamy,
And the nights were starry bright;

When to live, was such a pleasure—
She was called to realms of light.
And she turned, without a murmur—
Turned, and bade us all "Good night!"

Weeping friends are bending o'er her,
Prayers and tears avail no more—
For the little hours are numbered,
And Death's angel 's at the door.
Twelve short years on earth were given—
Years with wond'rous wisdom fraught;
Strange and true, that none progresses
Like the favored heaven-taught—
Lore of earth, and sacred knowledge,
Far beyond our common thought.

But the dying eye is lighted
With a sudden, anxious gleam:
"Best-beloved! soon I slumber
In the sleep that knows no dream.
Nearer, nearer—I am failing—
Speak, beloved! promise me,
Though we part upon the threshold,
You will surely follow me.
Dear ones—give me this assurance—
Meet me in eternity!"

J.

"WHEN I GET THERE, MOTHER, I WILL ASK THAT YOU MAY COME!"

Daughter, hast thou asked permission
That thy mother may thee join?
Has she well fulfilled the mission,
E'er in glory she shall reign?
Has she borne, without complaining,
All the Master's righteous will—
Through the storms of life maintaining
True and sweet submission still?
In affliction, dark and fearful,
Resting on His promised word—
Ever calm, resigned, and cheerful,
Meekly bowing, 'tis the Lord.
When all earthly hopes were blighted,
And her's through life a darken'd path—
When to live, more grace was needed
Than to die a martyr's death—
Did she say, "I'll not repine;
'Tis the road He marked for me;
It will lead to realms sublime—
Steep and thorny though it be?"

Has she the lisping infant taught,
That Jesus Christ alone can save;
And the dying sinner brought
To repentance through His name?
Has she at the death-bed
Of the weary pilgrim stood—
Wiped the cold dew from the forehead
As the soul went back to God?
True, 'twas hard for thee to leave her
In this world of grief and tears;
But with patience she will suffer,
Till the looked-for day appears.
When life's duties all are done,
She the Master's voice shall hear:
"Thou the Christian's race hast run,
And thy mansion is prepared!"

R.

REFLECTIONS PENNED AT THE GRAVE OF MY CHILD

A frail, beauteous flower
To us was given,—
Our hearts to gladden;
It seemed a brief hour,
Then it was taken
To bloom in heaven,
Forever—ever-more!

Ah! LIBBIE, dear; is this thy grave?
Can it--O! can it be, the form
I loved and fondly cherished, lies
Sleeping here, beneath this green turf,
So soundly, that even thy *mother's* voice
Of sorrow does not arouse thee?
It were not wont thus to be!
O! 'tis *death*—that long, dreamless sleep!
True; I saw them lay thee here, in
This same spot, and raise the mound
Which now I see. But, since that
Dark day, visions of memory have
Brought thy face and form so plain

To view, as to lead me almost
To think the past a dream.
And I've watched long for thy
Coming feet; and listened close to catch
One foot-fall. When the daily task
Of thy companions, at school, is done,
I hear their merry laugh, and hush
For the opening gate, and say,
"Has LIBBIE come?"

I miss thee at the morning prayer,
And at the night's devotions;
When thy tears with mine commingled,
Around our Saviour's cross;
And long for that sweet kiss,
And gentle "Good night!"

Through the long winter, I've expected
Thee. When the eve of that day
Came to end, which closes my week of toil
And care, perchance of sorrow, I've
Sought in vain, from room to room,
For one who, at this hour, I
Never missed before. I could not

Tell the truth to this poor heart:
That thou would'st never come again—
But said, "perhaps she has for the
Evening gone, and will soon be in."
There was no need for thee
To come, a preparation for the
Holy day of rest to make; it was
Already done; and thy *eternal* rest
Fully began.

I miss thee still;
At the sweet Sabbath's dawn;
In my lone walk to the house
Of God; through the thronged street.
All is passed, unheeded, save the tear
That glistens on the cheek of
Sorrow's child. And when the sacred
Place is reached, and I, once
More, in my accustomed seat—
The man of God the truth has
Read, and offered prayer, and psalm
Of praise has designated—then
I miss the angel form that once

Sat by my side, whose noiseless
Fingers gently turned the leaves, and
Found for me the given page.
I see thee not, though trust
Thou art in spirit near, while
To the truth I listen, from
Our pastor's lips—so dear to thee
When here, and think not less so
Now. But when around the table
Of our Lord we come, 'tis there—
O! 'tis there I miss thee MORE!

When at the Sabbath school,
How oft I cast a sad and
Lingering look toward that vacant
Seat, where once I met thy smile
Of recognition! But, ah! the
Soothing thought: come quickly
Home—'twill not be so in
Heaven. Thy seat will not
Be vacant there!
In the last song of praise, one
Voice is hushed; and among them

All so sweet, none to me
Was sweeter. Death the lips has
Sealed; but the voice is heard
In more melodious strains,
Amid the angel choir.
When the time has come to part,
I see, here and there, a little
Daughter clasp her mother's hand.
Then—O! then I miss the gentle pressure
Of filial love; but check the
Murmuring sigh—'twill not be
So above.
The children of these Sabbath schools,
You know I dearly loved;
And ah! I love them still.
I have given to them thy dying
Message, and told them what the
Saviour did for thee. And O!
I have with them most earnest
Plead, that they would this dear
Saviour seek. I have met them,
In the room, where angels came
To bear thee home. I have knelt

With them, on the same spot
Where oft I knelt with thee,
My child. And, while the fervent
Prayer went up, for the Spirit's
Power, to seal instruction, to cleanse
These souls, and write their names
Within the Book of Life—I trust,
That some of these young hearts
To God were given. And wast *thou*
There? We missed thy form, as low
We bowed before the throne; yet
Felt the presence of some angel
Spirit hovering o'er the scene,
To catch the word of penitence,
As it fell from lips and
Hearts sincere, to backward send
The joyful news, to listening throngs
Above, that they might strike
Anew their harps of gold, with
Praise to Him, who died, these
Souls to ransom with His blood.

As you desired me,
I will ever pray, that when these

Their Master's voice shall hear, its
Accents may be sweet; and they,
Too, may plume their spirit wings,
And soar aloft to regions pure, of
Sinless joy; that they may you
In glory meet, and ever wear
A crown of life. Some have already
Gone. A teacher, loved, has passed
Away, whose soul with music full,
And thrilling voice, once led the
Children's songs, in these our
Temples made with hands; and does
He lead your choir above?
If so, his keen, detective ear, is
Never stung with want of time,
Or note discordant.
The softness of those arms, that once
My neck encircled, and the more than
Velvet cheek that pressed my own,
I well remember, and think I feel them
Now. And the words, "DEAR MOTHER!"
Which fell, with Æolian sweetness, upon
My ear—its echo lingers still.

Those weary days and nights of patient
Suffering, I have not forgotten.
Even now, at the midnight hour,
I listen for thy labored breath;
And reach forth to touch thy feverish
Hand. The toy gifts of infancy, which
By thee were kept with care,
Tell of eyes so blue, and sunny hair,
And ruby lips, that in death were laid.

Every room, in the home you once
Made joyous, miss the fairy tread,
The cheerful voice, and the sweet song.
Your Bible asks beseechingly for an
Explanation; it never before of
Neglect complained. Many times, from lid
To lid its sacred pages had been read
And pondered. Between thee and it, a
Friendship did exist of no common
Tie. Its wisdom always sought;
Its counsels weighed and followed.
It lighted up thy path in life,
And shined upon it through the

Vale of death; and to thee a
Passport granted, to that city of
Golden streets, and pearly gates.

"Birdie" seems pausing for thy magic
Skill to touch the keys of this mute
Instrument, to arouse his song—

"They do miss thee at home!"

How time rolls on!
Soon, a year will have gone
Its round, since thy sweet lips
Gave us the parting kiss, ere the
Icy hand of death sealed them
In silence. Grief, we have this year
Felt; anguish, bitter, deep-settled;
Sorrow—to which, heretofore, we had
Strangers been. But not so with thee;
Thou hast much of joy and rapture
Seen and felt, that thou did'st
Long, by experience, to know.
And, though to us the saddest of all
The years on earth, yet to thee the brightest.

And so would we have it; and
Rejoice that thy young heart
Had never known bereavement's
Pang. The flowers bloom fair this year;
And the birds, to others, no doubt,
As sweetly sing. To us, they chant
A funeral dirge. And, perhaps to
Them, the sun as brightly shines;
But, ah! 'tis a pale moonbeam
On a branchless pine, amid the
Snows.

Strange, that it should be thus!
'Tis association only makes it so;
While here by thy grave I sit, in
Early morn of lovely June, the scene
Before me is beautiful, beyond description.
The spears of grass in the sunbeams
Glisten; the bee is humming its
Morning song;
While, on her golden wing, from
Flower to flower, the butterfly
The nectar sips; and the sleeping dew-drop

On the rose, causes its fragrance to
Exhale. The robin carols melodiously
On the tree-top o'er my head;
As the gentle zephyr fans caressingly
My worn cheek. All these, their
Maker's praises sing, and my soul
In the anthem loudly joins.

They tell me thou art not
Beneath; 'tis the house, in which
The spirit lived—the casket only
That contained the jewel. True, but
The house, or casket, is dear to me;
For in it I always saw thee,
And in which was kept the
Jewel, as from time to time
'Twas polished, and made ready
For the Saviour's crown. 'Tis
Dearer still to God. Though it
Be dissolved in dust, and mingle
With the elements, and assume
A varied form—as some contend—
'Twill not be lost: the particles

Will all come back, and be
Rebuilt in beauty inconceivable,
For the spirit's final dwelling-place.

The white rose I have planted here—
Fit emblem of thy purity; the
Pink, and violet sweet, you loved;
The blanch waxen lily—your favorite—
Lifts its timid, shrinking head, and
Reminds me of thy meek and quiet
Mien. The box, and myrtle, too, are
Here, with evergreens of more pretentions,
Which live through winter, that
They may be a verdant offering to thy
Memory.
I would do more, to beautify and
Make attractive the place where
Sleeps my darling!

When I have again
With tears bedewed the pale flowers
I have strewed upon thy lowly bed,
And pressed my wet cheek upon the

Dust that covers thee, I must leave
The spot. The mother's heart says,
"Stay; and watch the dust so dear,
Till thy departing hour shall come—
Then sink to rest." No; thy pilgrim
Mother will leave thee in the angels'
Care; and hasten back to her
Appointed task—to finish up the
Warp of life, with useful deeds, and
Mercy's acts—sustained by an
Unwavering trust in that dear Saviour,
Who carried thee so safely through.

Yes; all the days to me appointed,
Will I, with patience, wait, till
The last change shall come—for
There still a rest remaineth to
The people of our God. And may
I hope—a sinner lost—this rest to gain?
Not, save through a Saviour crucified.
But His precious blood *alone*,
Can for my every sin atone;
And cleanse my heart, and make

It fit for heaven. Ah! HEAVEN; there's
Magic in the very word!
It ends my pain, my toil, my care—
I long to make my dwelling there.
Rest—sweet, calm, peaceful rest—
'Tis miniatured within my breast!

. . . . . .

The separations that death is here
Allowed to make; these sundered ties,
And heart-strings broken, are dispensations
Dark—without alleviation, to all save
Him whose soul on God is staid.
To such, Faith points to a brighter
Side of this dark picture;
It lifts the veil, and shows
The beauty of the scene beyond;
It gathers up the broad and rugged
Stream of death to such a narrow
Rill, that visible and invisible
Can meet, and hands together clasp.

The darkness—once so dense—
Now disappears; the shadows, too,

Flit quickly by; the gloom vanishes
Like morning mists before the rising sun.
Faith, too, tells of a resurrection—
A glorious morn, so soon to break—
When Christ again shall come;
And those who sleep in dust, if to
Him their hearts were given, will
Come forth victorious, clad in
Immortal beauty. The King of Terrors
Vanquished, and Death himself must die!

Thanks to Him, through whose
Beloved name we shall this glorious
Victory obtain. Then sleep on, daughter dear,
For you in Jesus sleep; and such will
God bring with Him. And we
Shall meet again—no more to part—

"And all the joys that death did sever,
Given to us again forever!"

Again I say, sleep on—sweetly sleep;
For they have chosen a lovely resting-place
For thee—our beautiful Mount Hope!

June, 1858. R.

THE DEPARTED.

"Sweeter is the thought
Of her who is departed,
Than all that death has left;
No longer, broken-hearted,
Deem that thou art bereft;
The joys of earth are naught—
How beautiful is death!
Her life—a summer even,
Whose sun so early set—
Amidst the clouds of heaven,
Leave streams of brightness yet."
True, the thought is painful,
That she no more will come,
Our weary hearts to gladden,
In this our dreary home;
But soon to her we'll go,
To that bright world above—
The parting pang we ne'er shall know,
For death will never come!

R.

"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

True, I miss thee as none can tell,
Yet He who took thee, "doeth all things well."
When our dearest friends I greet,
Or in my lonely chamber sit;
When I read or when I write,
In the day, or when 'tis night:
If I go, or if I come,
When abroad or at my home—
Yet He that took thee, "doeth all things well."

In the social circle gay,
Or in desert far away;
In the house of mourning,
Or in the halls of mirth;
In the home of glittering wealth,
Or in the hut of abject want;
When I walk or when I ride,
If joy surround or grief betide—
Yet He who took thee, "doeth all things well."

When I sing or when I pray,
At early morn or noon of day;
When the howling tempest roars,
Or the sun its radiance pours,

I would not call thee back again
To this world of grief and pain;
For He who took thee, best could tell—
For "He doeth all things well."

Thou art not so far above,
Though in realms of light and love;
For oft I feel thy spirit near,
This weary pilgrimage to cheer.
When my spirit, faint and weary,
And the earth seems poor and dreary,
A Saviour's smiling face I see,
Which says, "there's yet a home for me."

This Saviour, ever dear, is dearer still;
I sweetly bow to His blest will;
I love Him better, day by day,
And oftener to Him kneel and pray.
Much I love; I this can tell,
I know "He doeth all things well."
Soon I hope in bliss to see
The Lamb who died on Calvary—
When 'tis best, He will me tell,
For "He doeth all things well."

A.

A PARTING WORD.

Dear Young Readers: Pardon me if I once more call your attention to the subject of your soul's salvation—that never-dying spirit. I do not crave for you a long life of uninterrupted happiness and prosperity, or earth's riches, honors, or preferments. But my earnest prayer is, that you may early embrace religion, and take Christ for your portion; that your life, be it longer or shorter, may be spent in the service of our blessed Lord; that your end may be peace, your immortality blessed, and that you may receive that crown of life which fadeth not away.

No doubt, at some future period, you intend to seek the Saviour, and make your peace with God, that you may at last reach heaven. Then, why postpone? You have already put it off ten years, it may be. That is a great

while to keep Christ waiting at the door. I tremble for you! What, refusing the offer of salvation for ten years! I fear He has already said, "They are joined to their idols; let them alone."

It is true, a few have become Christians, as we hope and trust, at a late period in life; but these few were not members of the Sabbath schools in the last half of the nineteenth century. The die will be cast; for these youth and children I greatly fear, if they do not repent before they reach their eighteenth anniversary. I have no doubt, some will have sinned away their day of grace at twelve; and very many, at sixteen years. Heaven and hell are realities! Have you treated them as such? Have you stopped to contemplate what is meant by "the worm that never dies," and "the fire that is never quenched?" You have thought at some time, very far away, that your bodies will die and turn to dust. That is of little consequence, comparatively.

But, ah! *that second death*—that death which never dies! How much thought have you given to that subject?

The blood chills in my veins and my pen almost refuses to perform its work, while for a moment I contemplate one of these Sabbath school children experiencing the second death, and that, too, perhaps, the offspring of praying parents! I know some children think that the prayers of their parents will, somehow or other, effect their salvation; they will avail you nothing, so long as you reject Christ, but will only prove a mill-stone about your neck, to sink you deeper and deeper into the pit of woe! God has promised to hear the prayers of parents for their children, and there is no promise on the pages of Holy Writ dearer to me. I have almost thought I could not live if it were not there.

Perhaps your parents erred in not subduing your will at the outset; which God expected of them just as much as that they

would pray for you, or learn you to read the Bible. If this be your case, I greatly pity you. It will prove a heavy burden, that you must carry to the grave! Heavy, indeed, is the burden, if one's own will is unsubdued. It will meet you at every step, and hedge up before you the way of life. To overcome these impediments, it will require great earnestness on your part, if you secure eternal life.

Have you tried to imagine how you will feel when the last ray of hope is fading from your mental vision, and darkness, impenetrable, is gathering around you, and God's wrath is beginning to drink up your spirit? You have no idea of making your bed in hell; but think how many at this very hour are tossed on the billows of wrath, who lived and thought and acted just as you now do. Are you not young, you say—in the morning of life? Yes; but not too young to die and lose your souls!

Perhaps you will say, you do not feel so much upon this subject as you have at other times. Well; this is a dark omen, it is true, but flee to Christ while there is yet a gleam of light; it may be you are on the very eve of being given up of God. Do not wait for feeling—it may never come. If you are on this side of that abyss of woe, and have your reason, there is hope for you. O! make haste; tarry not; tarry not, I beseech you; but flee to the cross, and prostrate yourself at the feet of Jesus. If you perish—perish there!

I need not tell you, had I space, what religion can do for you; what Jesus will do for you, in the dying hour. You have already been convinced by reading the preceding pages. Do *you* wish to die such a death? Do you wish angels to gather around your dying bed, waiting to bear your ransomed spirit to the bosom of Jesus? Then you must now repent, and obey God.